Volume 11, Number 2 • $4.50

NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES • EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

Our 10th Anniversary Celebration

How it all came to be

• a history of our Center and of Now & Then magazine

•The real story of our staff •

• Bluegrass • Appalachian-Scottish Studies •

SPECIAL SECTION

Appalachian Fiction and Poetry Contest Awards

First Prize — Poetry

DRIFTWOOD FOUND ON THE GREENBRIER TRAIL

Something to mark the day, you said,
digging it out of the bank, as big and worn
as a work shoe. We'd come from Knoxville,

an hour or so on 441, to see anemone and wild iris.
Hickory like this will burn all night, and here
it's come down from Pisgah on the Carolina side,

hollow to headwater, hank of whorled wood
near-buried in the rushing cold map of the mountain.
Maybe once a table, virgin planks cleared

pretty as you please, set with lamp and oilcloth,
hearty smells carrying out to the bald,
the men plowing till dark. Later on, every man

called off and leaving in gray homespun.
The women staying on, tending to Hannah, her time
nearly come, soaking the bed for thirty-odd hours,

the baby not breathing, her man and his brothers
shot down at Shiloh. Then the table and the bed
busted up for the two boxes, the women digging

till dark. The next day loading the wagon,
leaving the chickens for whoever came along.
Maybe going as far as Wears Valley, maybe

on into Knoxville. Their men's hats
pulled over their eyes.
Their mouths set against weeping.

— Linda Parsons

Linda Parsons' poetry has appeared in ***The Georgia Review***, ***Iowa Review***, ***Now & Then***, ***Appalachian Heritage***, ***Sow's Ear Poetry Review***, ***Louisiana Literature***, ***Apalachee Quarterly***, and ***Helican Nine***. *Parsons is a playwright, poetry teacher, and editor at University of Tennessee, Knoxville.*

First prize in poetry sponsored by Tennessee Arts Commission and the Johnson City Area Arts Council.

Summer 1994
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NOW & THEN
THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

"Desire will always outreach the possible. But to fulfill the possible is to enlarge it." — *Wendell Berry*

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Submissions of poetry, fiction, articles, personal essays, graphics, and photographs concerned with Appalachian life past and present are welcomed if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address correspondence to:
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Now & Then Magazine

A Full-Circle Retrospective Anniversary

Well, we have been through it. The Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University and *Now & Then* magazine are 10 years old, and like any self-respecting 10-year-old, we have some scrapes on our knees. But we are essentially a healthy, feisty kid.

We've survived the budget crunches and the changes in personnel and have never lost sight of our goal of celebrating and investigating this mountain region in which we live and work. Many have worked unstintingly but with little reward or recognition. That is why for this 10th anniversary issue, we planned a brag book. This is our opportunity to toot our horn, show what we've done and who we are. For the first time, we are publishing pictures and profiles of our staff and describing some of our history.

This was hard. Most of our staff, it turns out, are rather modest people who did not love the idea of having their stories and pictures in print. But we prevailed upon their good natures, and at least a glimpse of all the people currently involved with the center — and some of the people who have worked with us in the past — are included in this issue.

We are also proud to be presenting the winners of the Appalachian Writing Contest we conducted this spring. We were not surprised at the high quality of the winners, but we were surprised by the high quality of so many of the 261 entries. We would have been proud to print dozens of poems and stories from the entries.

There is a sense of coming full circle for me as I finish up the editing of this retrospective celebration. I have been with *Now & Then* and the center almost from the beginning. I began writing articles for the second issue in 1985 and became editor in 1986. This is my last issue as editor. This summer I am moving to Durham, N.C., to become editor of *Southern Exposure*, which is published quarterly by the Institute for Southern Studies. My job will be similar. That magazine, like *Now & Then*, focuses on regional issues. The region overlaps quite a bit, and what I have learned here will help me there.

I hope the readers of *Now & Then* will help me there, too. I'd like to be part of a large network that brings more respect and power to the people of the Southern mountains and the entire South. It is what we have been working toward all along with *Now & Then* and the center, and it is what I will do in my work with *Southern Exposure*.

Please continue to support *Now & Then* and the center. I have faith in the ongoing work here and in the people who are at the center. Thank you for your years of generosity and goodwill.

— Pat Arnow, editor

News — a New Newsletter, *News/CASS*

With this issue, we are bringing you *News/CASS*, a newsletter about the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. This publication will be tucked into the center of *Now & Then*. It will bring news of the center and our branches, the Reece Museum and the Archives of Appalachia. The columns usually found in this spot about the center, the archives, and the museum are now incorporated in *News/CASS*.

Since *Now & Then* comes out three times a year and *News/CASS* is a quarterly, the fourth issue of the newsletter will come to you on its own in the winter (well, presumably the postal worker will bring it, but it won't be surrounded by *Now & Then*).

News/CASS will give a sense for the scope of our work and show how the contributions of our members make a difference in Appalachia. We hope you enjoy this issue of *Now & Then* and of *News/CASS*.

Letters, We Get Stacks and Stacks of Letters
but we never publish them UNTIL NOW

Like *The New Yorker* (in the old days anyway), we have never published letters in *Now & Then*. However, for our 10th anniversary, we have broken with that tradition for two reasons: One, we have gotten some awfully interesting and provocative mail lately. Secondly, we wanted to share some of the good words we have received over the years that we have never been able to show off (except on the door of our office where we tack up the compliments). Some of these letters from "The flattery file" we have printed in our history beginning on page six.

If you like the idea of publishing letters, please let us know. (Yes, write to us!) Your encouraging words help keep us going, and your criticisms help keep us on our toes.

Dear Pat,

First let me say that I think that your journal is top-notch and serves a great purpose on a number of fronts. Ed Snodderly is an excellent musician and makes a valuable musical contribution in your publication as well.

I was particularly interested in the fall 1993 Snodderly column pertaining to Nimrod Workman and one of his songs, "The Wild Boar." "The Wild Boar" was included in the 1974 June Appal Recordings 001 release Passing Through the Garden by Nimrod Workman and his daughter Phyllis Boyens and is probably of English origin. At least the theme was collected there (it is a variation of Sir Lionel-Child Ballad #18). As producer of the album and a long-time friend of Nimrod's, I would like to mention that some of the words printed in the column are different than the usual way I heard and collected the song. In my 20 years of knowing Nimrod and Phyllis, I never heard them sing it the way it appears in the column. Oral tradition, memory, and language are fluid and can change greatly with time, but I contend that they sing about a character named "Bahd-ler" not "Bangum," as Snodderly printed.

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History of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services

It is the 10th anniversary of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. It is not, however, the 10th anniversary of Appalachian Studies at East Tennessee State University. The founding of a department concerned specifically with Appalachia goes back 14 years and has seen many changes and two names in that time.

Before the center, there was the institute. The Institute for Appalachian Affairs was founded in 1978 for research, public service, and education of, about, and for Southern Appalachia.

The oral history of the Institute for Appalachian Affairs, the precursor of the center, can be found in Billings, Mont., where Arthur and Linda DeRosier live.

Arthur DeRosier was ETSU's president in 1978 and is generally credited with setting the Appalachian Studies programs at ETSU in motion. Linda Scott was the first director for the institute, from 1978 until 1980, when she and DeRosier married and moved to Colorado.

Linda Scott DeRosier speaks in a rich non-Montana accent. She is from Eastern Kentucky, the daughter of a coal miner and granddaughter of a blacksmith. She grew up surrounded by family in Two Mile, and moved only 50 miles away to attend Pikeville College where she majored in English. After earning a Ph.D. in phenomenology from the University of Kentucky, DeRosier taught at several universities and directed a research center in Kentucky. "There were a number of goals to start with," she said. "Overall, the institute was to help the region. That sounds simple, but it was a pretty broad goal."

She said that service was at the top of the list of goals. "Of course we did the folk festivals, too. Frankly, I saw that as a way of getting people together, not as any end in itself. I thought the celebration of the culture was nice, but I saw that pretty much as putting a bell jar over a place and having everyone look at them.

"We had some very specific things we wanted to do. For example, for the time I was there, I worked with the dental hygiene school and the medical school trying to get dental hygiene to the communities."

Areas like Lee County, Va., and parts of Western North Carolina were lacking in simple medical facilities, she said. The institute worked with ETSU's college of medicine to educate rural communities.

"When I was at the institute, there were a lot of places that did not have any physician within a couple of hours driving distance. There were a number of places where we went out into the rural schools and interviewed teachers of children in third and fourth grade, and many of those children hadn't seen a dentist in their lives," she said. "The facts are, most of the services people in even small towns take for granted are what people in the country did not have. They may have them now, for sure, but they did not have them then."

"I thought the celebration of the culture was nice, but I saw that pretty much as putting a bell jar over a place and having everyone look at them."

DeRosier estimates she made 87 speeches in her first 12 months in those communities. In those two years off campus and on, the pressing nature of the service goals of the institute became more and more apparent. She said children could go through school and still not have many choices of what they could do with their lives — sometimes the only choices were the farm, the mine, or the textile mill.

Children had a narrow vision of what they could be, DeRosier thought. Better educational opportunities for children in rural communities would broaden their choices. "And that doesn't mean they would want to leave there, but it means if they should, the choice is theirs. There are certain kinds of things that have to happen fairly early in children's lives in order for that to happen, and Appalachian Studies is the place that should begin."

After DeRosier left the institute, James Reese of ETSU's Department of English took over. The service goals changed with the new director. "We did a project in some counties — a seminar — with the TVA for energy conservation, but we didn't do any projects concerning health," Reese said.

Reese focused more on literature and humanities. He started the Appalachian Writers Association, which is still in operation (currently based at Radford University).

There were frustrations. The Appalachian Studies major Reese designed was not implemented by the administration, and it is only recently that an Appalachian Studies minor has been approved. Reese said the worst part about his job was the lack of university support. There were rewards, however. "The best part was getting a broad base where faculty could get involved with Appalachian Studies, getting things started." Overall, he remembered the two years he spent at the center as both frustrating and enjoyable.

The institute became the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services in 1984 when the Tennessee Board of Regents designated it as a Center for Excellence. Robert Alfonso, former ETSU vice president of academic affairs, said that a proposal for the designation was submitted to Nashville in early 1984. "The state started a program called Centers of Excellence, where they were helping put money into universities to help them create a new unit with some special funding," Alfonso said.

Bert Bach, ETSU's new vice president for academic affairs, served at that time as the academic counselor on the Tennes-

University Relations, ETSU

Bert Bach, ETSU vice president of academic affairs, served on the Board of Regents committee on the Centers of Excellence.

see Board of Regents committee on the Centers of Excellence program in Nashville. He said that when the program was established, it was part of Governor Lamar Alexander's Better Schools Program. Bach said more than 50 possible centers were visited and reviewed. He visited ETSU. "The Centers of Excellence had to have a base of financial support and a base of intellectual support," he said. "That particular center, because of the location and because of a number of people who were writing in the area, it was a natural."

What they wanted to do, Bach said, was to recognize the history and heritage of the area, and to address current issues. He cited a recent center symposium on the impact of the interstate highway from Western North Carolina to East Tennessee as "consistent with the original conception of what the Center of Excellence was."

The way the center shaped up was as a triad of the already existing Reece Museum, the Archives of Appalachia, and the institute working together as a multidisciplinary body.

Richard Blaustein said he spent his first year as director of the institute, 1983, writing the inch-and-a-half-thick Center of Excellence proposal. He said, "We tried to establish some collective goals such as support for scholars in Appalachia and support for public education in the region. We also helped attract meetings to our area, helped bring in new faculty, equipment, and external funding for the university."

With the new director and new funding the focus again changed. Blaustein promoted music and publications. An old-time fiddler himself, he started the Old Time Radio Reunion which brought together area musicians who were part of some of the first radio broadcasts in the region and some of those who founded what came to be known as country and bluegrass music. The center funded the making of three music albums featuring old time music and musicians, and sponsored a radio show, "Bluegrass Heartland." Blaustein, with professor of English Fred Waage, founded *Now & Then* magazine to examine the culture, literature, and art in the region. A fellowship program promoted culture and service. The many programs the center funded encompassed much of what both of the former directors had in mind.

Blaustein is proud of what he accomplished. He pointed out that in 1986 the center was named one of the top five centers in the state, and was re-designated in 1987 as an Accomplished Center of Excellence. "In 1986 CASS performed so well the Tennessee Higher Education Commission awarded us $40,000 and named us among the top five Centers of Excellence in the state," he said. "During the time that I was director, CASS met or exceeded all goals set up for it by the state, and we brought in over 2.1 million dollars in grant funding."

Blaustein said the last thing he did, before leaving the center and returning to a professorship in ETSU's department of sociology and anthropology in 1992, was to prepare the undergraduate minor in Appalachian Studies.

The latest chapter in the history of the center came about when Jean Haskell Speer was hired as center director in January 1993. She was formerly the director of Appalachian Studies at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Va., and was also a professor in communication studies and humanities. "One of the reasons I wanted to make a change is that I wanted to get focused totally on Appalachian Studies and not work in so many disparate areas all at the same time. I was a little tired of that. What I really cared about was putting more time and energy into Appalachian Studies."

Speer said efforts have been made since she came to ETSU to unify the center with its two divisions, the Archives of Appalachia and the Reece Museum, increase the center's funding, and enhance the center's visibility. "We have tried to contact people nationally where we think we need to have more visibility, for example, with the Appalachian Regional Commission, and we have tried to become more visible with the state agencies in Nashville. We've formed an Advisory Council made up of outstanding local, state, regional, and national leaders. Most importantly, we are steadily increasing membership in our center and private giving to support the center."

International recognition, Speer said, will continue to come the center's way as well. "Our exchange program with the University of Edinburgh is an important international connection and so is the worldwide attention earned by our program in country and bluegrass music. We want to build on those traditions and make the center a place that brings international students, scholars, and visitors to ETSU to learn about one of the most important and culturally rich regions of the United States."

Increased visibility will help the center accomplish the goals that Speer has in mind. "The center's agenda is to help enhance quality of life in the Appalachian region. We believe we accomplish that best by providing accurate information and multidisciplinary perspectives on understanding Appalachia for faculty and students, community and business leaders, artists, health care professionals, public school teachers and students, local and national media, government and social agencies, and international audiences. We present this information in as many contexts as possible and in a wide variety of media."

Speer noted that the center currently is engaged in Appalachian educational projects with the local public schools, some state agencies, the Catholic Diocese, ETSU's medical and nursing programs, some regional community colleges, several community groups, professional associations, and two national parks. She also pointed out that the center "reaches a large and varied audience through *Now & Then* magazine, our museum programs, the Appalachian Studies

curriculum, the research resources of the Archives of Appalachia, and scholarly books, video and audio recordings, exhibits, and other publications and programs produced or supported by the center."

The center wants to continue to build its reputation as a major conserver and interpreter of Appalachian life, giving larger and larger audiences accurate information about the region and an appreciation for the region. Working toward that goal, the center has established a monthly Appalachian Colloquium for public discussion of regional issues, plans an annual conference on the media and Appalachia, and is exploring production of a radio magazine series based on the format of *Now & Then* magazine. Expansion of the center's educational programs in areas of museum and archival training and an interdisciplinary graduate degree in regional studies makes the center's future look full and promising.

—Marty Edwards

JEAN HASKELL SPEER

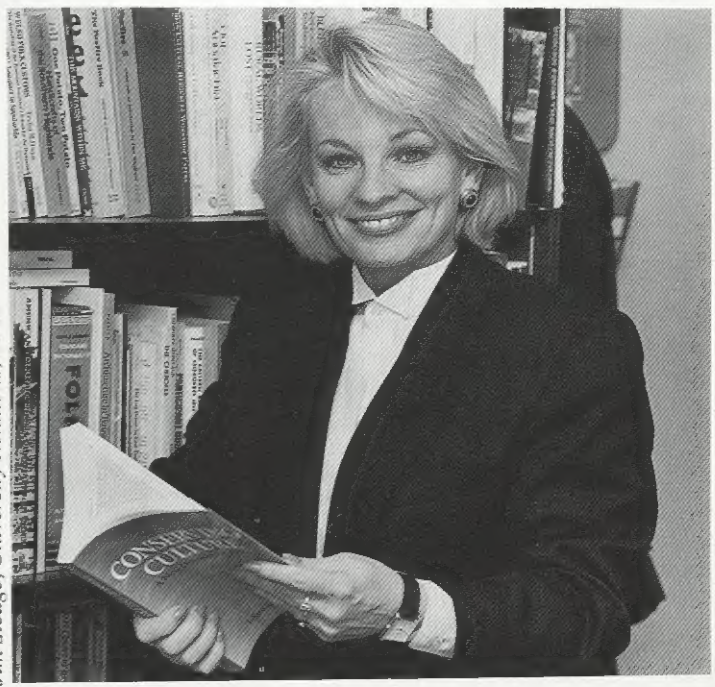
Jean Haskell Speer, director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, is one of life's fortunate ones. She was born to parents who listened and who taught her the value of the written word. She is an optimist. To Speer, life is a series of opportunities, not obstacles. She knows how to set goals and how to achieve them. But most importantly, Speer says, she has been lucky because she has "always managed to follow the things I feel very passionately."

Speer's passions are rooted in her childhood. She was reared in Memphis but early on she came to share her father's attachment to the mountains. "My earliest and fondest memories are of camping in the Ozarks and the Appalachians," she said. "I always felt like these mountains were my home. As soon as I could, I got here. Permanently."

Her education came first, however. Speer graduated magna cum laude from Memphis State with a bachelor's degree in speech and communication. She went on to receive her master's in rhetoric and public address, also from Memphis State.

After graduation, Speer knew she wanted to teach, but applied only to schools in the mountains. She accepted a position at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Va. Since that time she has left the mountains only once, taking a leave of absence from Virginia Tech to earn her doctoral degree in communication and folklore at the University of Texas in Austin.

For the next 23 years, Speer served as a joint appointment faculty member in communication studies and humanities and as director of the Appalachian studies program. During that time she also published two books on Appalachia, *Performance, Culture and Identity* which she co-edited with Elizabeth Fine, and *The Appalachian Photographs of Earl Palmer*. "I thought I was going to stay there forever," Speer said. "I never really considered leaving."



Jim Sledge, University Relations, ETSU

Jean Haskell Speer

In 1992, she did leave, however, to come to the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at ETSU. Speer considers the move to the center an opportunity to focus her energy. "All that I am doing [here] has to do with the Appalachian region," she said. "Everything has the same ultimate goal — to serve the region, to do what we can to enhance the quality of life."

According to Speer, the center's work can take a lot of different forms: working with the media, schools, health care community, and public officials.

"Part of what we do is keep people questioning their own assumptions about our region," Speer said. "When planning or making policy about the region, we want [people] to question their assumptions, make adjustments, and look at the area from a new perspective." Underlying everything the center does is the desire to provide accurate, solidly researched information about Appalachia.

Through *Now & Then*, the center is able to reach a wide public audience who can learn about issues of concern in Appalachia. Speer wants to find ways to reach this audience more effectively. One way is to expand *Now & Then's* readership.

Speer is also working to start a regular conference on media in Appalachia. "We want to become known as a place people in the media look to as a resource," she said.

In addition, she is teaching a class in the fall and wants to return to research. Two books are on the "back burner." She and Elizabeth Fine want to do a comprehensive study of Appalachian traditional culture. Speer is also planning a book on public discourse and public policy in Appalachia.

Speer says her focus and energy come from following her passions. "I believe in Appalachian Studies so deeply," she said. "I have stayed with it all my life because as a professor, it gave me something worth professing."

Jean Haskell Speer is married to Wayne Speer, Director of Disabled Student Services, ETSU.

— Jan Hearne

HISTORY OF THE CENTER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

How the Appalachian Magazine came to be

"Our title expresses the dual experience of Appalachian culture, looking back to the roots of traditions, and following the continuity through to the present, as it perseveres or is displaced by new ways of living, thinking and feeling."

Fred Waage wrote that comment 10 years ago in the first editor's column of *Now & Then*. The original *Now & Then* logo was there, block letters becoming lighter, fading as they crossed the page from now to then, above Volume 1, Number 1, Fall, 1984. Waage called *Now & Then* the newsletter of the new Center of Appalachian Studies and Services in that issue, not a magazine. The 15 brown pages didn't look like a magazine, either. However, there were the seeds of what *Now & Then* would be.

In the 1983 proposal to establish the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at ETSU was an activity plan that included a new publication. Richard Blaustein, from the Department of Sociology and Anthropology, who became director of the center, saw an opportunity to publish and promote not only what the center was doing but to document and analyze Appalachian issues. "One of the main things we were concerned with was that ETSU had been active in Appalachian Studies sporadically but had not really established itself as a center for publication in Appalachian Studies, and particularly there were no publications that came out on a regular basis," Blaustein said in an interview recently.

He said there were already a handful of Appalachian publications in circulation. "The real challenge was to come up with something that would not duplicate the format or intent of other publications. It was a question of what was being done in Appalachian Studies, and trying to see where we could fit in and find a niche for ETSU," Blaustein said. "My basic notion was to put out a magazine that was multidisciplinary, that was not social science or literary or historical but would be a blend and be open to looking at all different sides of Appalachian Studies."

Fred Waage, a professor in the Department of English, said he had pondered starting an environmental literary magazine at ETSU. He approached Blaustein on funding the project. "He thought it would be a good idea to establish a magazine which would not be a purely environmental magazine but would combine our two interests," he said. "One of the things Richard wanted in the magazine was to have it focus on a particular subject matter each issue, which other Appalachian periodicals didn't do."

"My basic notion was to put out a magazine that was multidisciplinary, that was not social science or literary or historical but would be a blend and be open to looking at all different sides of Appalachian Studies."

The second issue focused on Appalachian women, and the third issue covered one of Blaustein's favorite subjects, Appalachian music.

A strong photography program at ETSU prompted Blaustein to encourage producing a magazine with a visual emphasis. In most issues, works of contemporary regional photographers including Kenneth Murray, ETSU's Mike Smith, and others have been interspersed with old photos from archives in Washington and throughout Appalachia including the archives at ETSU.

The magazine continued to document the achievements and changes of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services throughout the two years Waage served as editor. When he left his desk in 1985 to devote more time to his work elsewhere, a contributor, Pat Arnow, began to edit.

"I worked a lot on the Homecoming issue, Summer 1986, and the next issue I had for myself.

"I fell into it with both eyes closed," Arnow said. "I thought, hmmm, editing . . . sure, it's writing, and you just put it all together. I never realized it was so much more involved than that." She found that besides needing to know how to wield a red pencil, an editor needed to understand different kinds and sizes of type, paper, ink, and layout. The patience and amused forbearance of Larry Carroll, the designer in the university print shop, got her through the first months. Arnow said that Richard Blaustein was supportive of her learning how to be a professional editor as she went along.

Now & Then was in for a second wind with the second editor, but the same principles the magazine was founded on were reinforced. "Early on, Richard and I spent some time talking about what we wanted to do with it. We knew we wanted not to compete with existing publications that were very good like the *Appalachian Journal*, which does scholarship, and *Appalachian Heritage*, which does literature."

Arnow, whose degree from Marshall University in Huntington, W.Va., is in journalism and photography, said Blaustein and she continued to shape the magazine. They created a mix of scholarly thought written in an accessible journalistic style, interviews, personal essays, fiction, poetry, and photography. The publication would be geared to a general audience of people who lived in the region and wanted to know more about it.

Writers and artists from all over the nation have contributed to the production

of the signature theme isues. They have included well-known regional writers including Wilma Dykeman, Denise Giardina, Fred Chappell, Meredith Sue Willis, and previously unpublished work by the late Harriette Arnow.

Arnow said she is pleased when established writers contribute to the magazine, but she also encourages new voices. "We published Amy Tipton Gray's first poem, 'The Hillbilly Vampire,' which later became the title poem of her first book [published by Rowan Mountain Press in 1989]. Then we got her to write something specifically for a couple of theme issues, and it was great stuff," said Arnow. Gray's essay, "The Green Hills of Home Far Away" takes on the "canon" of Appalachia that implies that nothing is Appalachian unless it is rural. In the "Scottish-Appalachian Connection" she contributed a personal essay about her fascination and later disillusionment with all things Scottish, a "confession of a tartan apostate" she titled "The Tents of the Midianites, the Fall from Kilted Grace."

"I'm most pleased when I can get people to think about the region in ways they haven't thought about it before, or talk about issues that haven't been addressed," said Arnow. Another piece she points to is "A Meditation on Eliot Wigginton," by Larry Osborne, a psychologist and Dean of Academic Special Programs from Carson Newman College. "We spent a long time on the phone discussing Eliot Wigginton, what it meant to people in the region that the founder of Foxfire had pleaded guilty to child molestation. It was painful and sad and shocking for people, but no one had written about the consequences to Foxfire, to the children, to the people of the region who had believed in Eliot Wigginton. It was hard for Larry to write about that, but what he wrote, I thought, was perceptive and healing. It was an important thing to acknowledge the anger and talk about the meaning of what had happened. I feel like I'm doing my job best when I'm a catalyst for such work. The magazine's doing its job best when it publishes such work, when it gets people talking," said Arnow.

—Marty Edwards

PAT ARNOW

Pat Arnow is a long-time friend, fellow gardener, hiker, and follower of "trashy magazines, trashy television, and trashy movies" — pop culture, if you want the credible word. She is also my boss. During good weather, we sit on my screen porch to look over possible acceptances from the poetry submissions for *Now & Then*. Today we are on my screen porch, and I am interviewing Pat. It feels ridiculous. I've been poetry editor for the magazine almost as long as she has been editor, and I know a good part of this history before I even ask the questions. I also know for a fact that several of the gray hairs in Pat's head are named after specific issues of this magazine, and one or two of them are probably named after me.

Pat Arnow: I was born and raised in Chicago; my father was a policeman, my mother a potter. I always wanted to be a writer. Actually I was torn between writing and photography. My parents encouraged me to aspire to the arts.

I've been in the Appalachian region for 15 years, in Southeast Ohio, West Virginia, and Upper East Tennessee. I was doing some journalism when my husband, Steve Giles, and I moved here. I applied for a fellowship with CASS to do more writing, and Richard Blaustein (then head of CASS) said, "I'm not going to pay you to write for somebody else; we have our own publication." So I wrote a couple of articles for *Now & Then*.

When Fred Waage decided he didn't want the editor's job anymore, it passed to me. I didn't really know then how different the editor's job is from the writer's. I learned the job on the job. People have been patient, and I am grateful.

What have I learned about editing? I've learned that editing takes a technical expertise — setting type, sizing pictures, all that — and it takes tremendous organizing capabilities. Then there are all the commas and semicolons and glitches this language (and particularly, the language of this region) is prone to. The problem is how to do corrections and keep the writer's flavor. Some of it is hard. Facts. I am a stickler for facts, I check facts. Deadlines — getting writers to meet deadlines is comparable to making airlines run on time.

I am an editor who edits. I have to. I'm editing for the needs of the magazine, and for the rather severe limits of space, and some people have a hard time thinking any of their words might need to go. I hate rejecting work, and I have to do a lot of it. You have to grow a thick skin to be an editor. I have a motto that's come with experience: don't worry as much about the writer's feelings as you do about the reader's experience.

Because I'm not from the region, I've been able to inspire a broad assortment of really thoughtful people who are from here to think about things in different ways sometimes and to write about them. This might be my greatest strength as an editor.

Jim Sledge, University Relations, ETSU

Pat Arnow

In the media issue, we did a movie guide that was a collaboration of a dozen or so people. I am proud of it. Also in that issue, Jean Ritchie and Anndrena Belcher talked about their involvement in the same movie, and it was a revelation to lots of people because they had such different points of view. I hunt for that kind of thing; I like shaking up safe ideas.

One of the most important thing we've done was the crime rates comparison in the Urban Appalachian issue. It was also a collaboration by several people that Norma Myers and I put together. The stereotype is that Appalachia is a violent place. Well, we did some research — facts again — and Appalachian cities have much lower crime rates than cities of comparable size in other parts of the U.S. Ours is the only research that has been done on the subject, I think.

Until we did the Veterans issue, I don't think that anyone in Appalachian Studies had considered that Appalachian veterans might have some definable differences from the rest of the veteran population. People from Appalachia died at higher rates in Vietnam than people from other parts of the country. Out of that issue came further research for a new book I co-edited with Bert Allen, who was guest editor of the Veterans issue. We found that Appalachians had a higher death rate in World War II also. The book is called *Appalachians and War in the Twentieth Century,* and the manuscript is being considered by University of Illinois Press.

I love doing interviews. The Politics issue was especially fun when I talked you into doing a piece of satire ["Jo Carson's L.A. Cycle"]. When I transcribed it, every other line was "laugh." I love the people I get to meet and talk to. I know a lot about the region for the job, about what's on people's minds. I like that perspective.

My dream is that *Now & Then* is on the newsstand next to *People* Magazine (or at least *Rolling Stone*) and selling just as well.

— Jo Carson

NOW & THEN

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

From the Flattery File . . .

Fall 1986

I really enjoyed the Homecoming '86 issue! All my favorite writers in once place; what a treat!!

Rita Quillen
Weber City, Va.

Winter 1987

I hope 1987's first week finds you basking in well-deserved praise and appreciation for the Cherokee issue of *Now & Then.* It is extraordinary how much of the spectrum of Cherokee ways and thought you included. Your introduction gave a fine overview and your flow of thought from history to the present time set the tone for the whole issue. I enjoyed all of the articles so much. The personal memoir of Aggie Ross Lossiah spoke more than many chapters of conventional history could have done. Your labor — and care — have produced a splendid result.

Marilou Awiakta
Memphis, Tenn.

Summer 1987

The entire issue is outstanding — you all get better and better with each issue. It provides such a neat view of contemporary writing in the region.

Jim Wayne Miller
Bowling Green, Ky.

The new *Now & Then* is fabulous. Everyone is talking about it. It is *very strong.*

Gurney Norman
Lexington, Ky.

Fall 1987

Thanks for the *splendid Now & Then* — it fills a real need in the region.

Dan Leidig
Emory, Va.

Congratulations on a Cracker Jack-fine issue of *Now & Then.* This Vietnam veteran read it, enjoyed the perceptions of your writers and sensitive touch of your editors, wondered more about himself and his '65-'66 adventures, and valued the power of the word and image to move people in many ways.

You guys are doing good work.

Tom McGowan
Appalachian State University
Boone, N.C.

Thank you for dedicating this issue to the Appalachian veterans. I found this publication to be a great effort to depict the true feelings of combat veterans who have the advantage of speaking from actual personal experiences, however, horrible.

I was especially impressed by the article, "Green Fields Turned Red." I imagine that this stirring article might possibly shock some whose tender ears are virgin to the precise and devastating horrors that accompany the trauma of combat warfare. It is somehow difficult for a "civilian" without combat experience to relate to the real, graphic, demoralizing and dehumanizing aspects of combat warfare. The attempt is often made to whitewash and glorify something that is too ugly and too nasty to be glorified. These combat experiences cannot be taken out of context. They must be accepted for what they are.

Again, you are to be commended for your obvious efforts to present an unbiased and accurate picture of combat warfare.

David J. Purner
American Ex-Prisoner-of-War
Johnson City, Tenn.

MORE FLATTERY, PAGE 46

Fellowship Program

"It made it happen."

Artist Margaret Gregg of Jonesborough, Tenn., was speaking about the relationship between her 1993-1994 center fellowship and her current project. This past spring, in collaboration with clinical psychologist Steven Giles and medical anthropologist Pamela Zahorik, Gregg conducted an expressive arts program employing art to help children cope with the emotional effects of recent discoveries of illegal hazardous waste dumps in their East Tennessee community.

But she could have been speaking for any one of the 60 center fellows who have received from a few hundred to thousands of dollars in support. Scholars, educators, and artists from the academic world and from the Appalachian community at large have worked either individually or with center staff and university faculty on diverse projects. Over the past decade the center fellowship program has helped produce books, records, and video documentaries about the region, supported a survey of medical needs in a rural Appalachian county, funded radio programs on topics from bluegrass music to the current state of agriculture, and helped a sociologist collect data on marital violence in the East Tennessee area. All told, 67 projects received nearly $200,000 in aid.

When beginning of the center, the planners viewed a fellowship program as essential to its aspirations to achieve excellence in research, educational programs, and service activities. The Centers of Excellence program, begun by the state of Tennessee in 1984, sought to create centers of advanced study in areas of strength at colleges and universities throughout the state. The Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, in its fellowship and other programs, fulfills that mandate to engage in advanced scholarship about all matters important to the Appalachian region.

The fellowship program was unique in that it often got in on the ground floor of a research project conceived by young, dedicated people who could then build upon their center-supported efforts and attract other funding. Center fellow Tommy Bledsoe produced two June Appal recordings of the music and stories of old-time fiddler Uncle Charlie Osborne of Lebanon, Va., *Relics and Treasures/Uncle Charlie Osborne* and *100 Years Farther On/Uncle Charlie Osborne and Johnny Osborne*, recorded when Osborne was 95 and 100 years old. Named by the Library of Congress as one of the best recordings of folk music in 1985, *Relics and Treasures* included extensive and engaging notes detailing how Osborne's community and times helped shape the man and the musician. Noted Bledsoe, "Without the support of CASS, the project probably would not have been possible. This was at a time when funding for non-commercial, obscure artists and their music was scarce. The credibility that ETSU and CASS gave the project gave considerable leverage for other funders."

Center fellowships made an important difference in the lives of the fellows themselves — and in the life of the region. Pauline Cheek of Mars Hill, N.C., is the author and illustrator of *An Appalachian Scrapbook*, an alphabet book encouraging young children to compile their own family histories and explore their mountain communities. She said that without the center fellowship, "The manuscript probably would have remained unread in our basement."

With her center fellowship, Rita Quillen, who teaches English at Northeast State Technical Community College, revised a manuscript examining Appalachian poets, *Looking for Native Ground.* Richard

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

A Sampling of Fellowship Program Projects

Research Projects

The Folk Medical Lexicon of South Central Appalachia, edited by ETSU sociologist Tony Cavender, aids health care professionals by enhancing their ability to communicate effectively with their patients. The center Fellowship program provided start-up funds to ETSU economist Douglas Dotterweich to develop county-level economic fact sheets which are still distributed to regional economic development agencies and planning groups as well as to other governmental and business entities. In another project, ETSU archivist and historian Marie Tedesco explored the lives of Northeast Tennessee rayon workers from 1926 until 1990. More than a dozen studies have provided important information in several fields.

Education-related projects

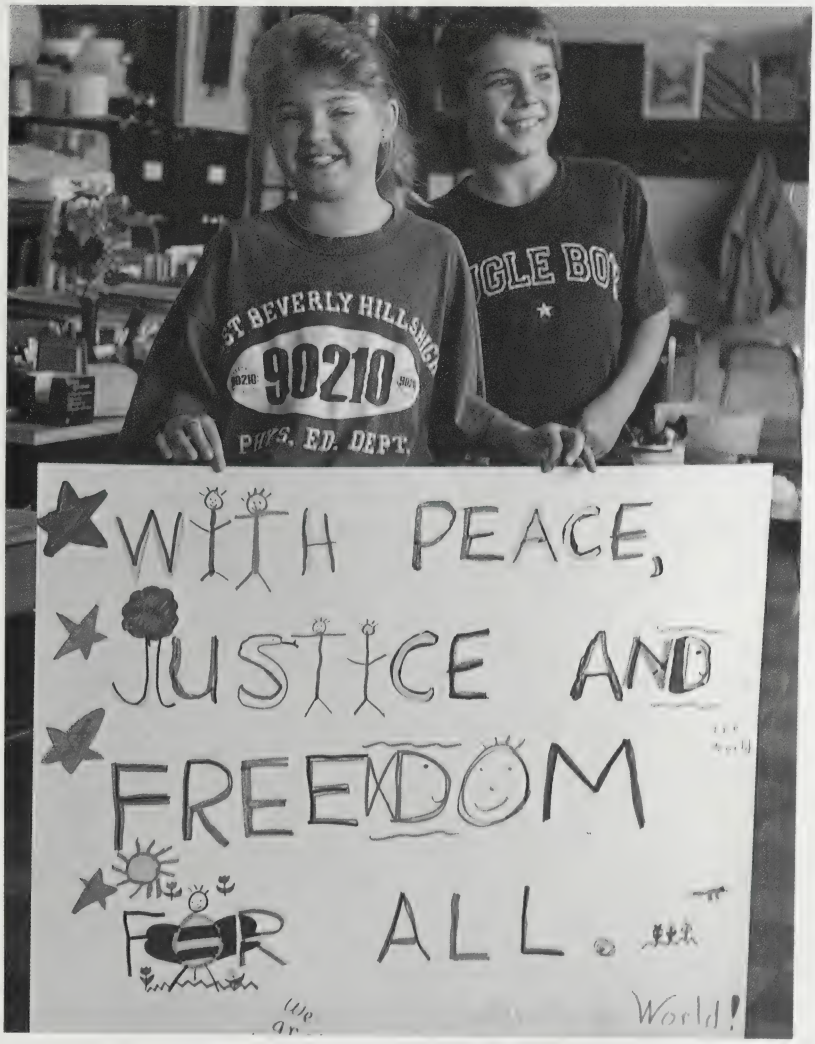
Fellowships helped to produce such publications as the *Southern Appalachian Reader,* edited by high school teachers Joyce Squibb and Nellie McNeil. It is the only anthology of Appalachian literature designed for high school students. The anthology is in its third printing by the Appalachian Consortium Press. In addition, the center supported innovative programs such as a semester-long lecture series, Appalachian Culture and the School Curriculum, organized by Robert J. Higgs of ETSU's Department of English. This course was open to East Tennessee State University students for credit and to the general public. Topics ranged from Appalachia's history and settlement to current environmental issues.

Media Projects

ETSU English professor Thomas Burton and videographer Thomas Headley used their fellowship support to assist with editing a 30-minute video documentary, *Law versus Faith.* Shown on PBS stations across the country, the documentary explored the legal restrictions placed upon the religious practices in the Appalachians of "following the signs." These include handling poisonous serpents and drinking potentially deadly poisons as a way of bearing witness to the power of the Holy Spirit. The center also supported *Dreadful Memories*, an Appalshop video production about Eastern Kentucky singer/songwriter Sarah Ogan Gunning. Numerous other film and radio projects received fellowship awards.

Arts Projects

Fellowship funds also supported exhibitions by abstract artist Charles Lawson and photographer Michael Smith as well as the publication of *In Place*, an anthology of contemporary Appalachian fiction, poetry, and drama.



Penny Kuhn

Two fourth-grade students from DeBusk Elementary School in Greene County, Tenn., show one of the posters their class made as part of a six-week program that used art to express concerns about environmental hazards in their community, 1994. A center fellowship supported the work of the project team: visual artist Margaret Gregg, clinical psychologist Steven Giles, and medical anthropologist Pamela Zahorik.

Marius, director of Harvard University's Expository Writing Program, called the volume "the only full-length study of Appalachian poetry I know and bound to be the best for a long time to come." Quillen states unequivocally, "There is absolutely no doubt that without the fellowship, the book would never have been published. The fellowship was a godsend. I was just out of graduate school, broke, and the mother of two babies in diapers. The Appalachian Consortium Press was interested in my manuscript, but how was I to write with two babies underfoot? I applied for financial assistance to get the book to press. The center not only helped pay the publishing expenses, but also provided me with some much-needed financial backing so I could hire a sitter a couple times a week and work on the manuscript."

The impact of fellowships has lasted well beyond the project's completion. Bledsoe was surprised and pleased by an unexpected outcome of the two recordings of Uncle Charlie Osborne. Those records, he feels, encouraged members of Osborne's own family, including his son, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren, to continue Osborne's musical tradition. "The recordings serve as an aural resource to refresh their memories."

Fellow Maxine Kenny produced *A Time to Reap,* a series of four half-hour radio documentaries which detailed the agricultural crisis in Appalachia and the Mid-South. The program was broadcast on about 150 National Public Radio stations in over 40 states. "This was my first attempt to do anything in radio, and I found it a very encouraging experience in documentary radio production," she said. She is now the news and public affairs director at WMMT-FM, a community-licensed public radio station in Whitesburg, Ky., where she has produced other radio series on Appalachian culture and politics for national distribution.

Due to tight budgets, the center is currently reshaping the fellowship program. A smaller number of fellows will work in the center on research and assist the center in seeking grant and other types of funding for projects. As the center begins its second decade, it retains a commitment to supporting research that improves the quality of life in Appalachia.

— Jane Harris Woodside

A Note on Contributors

When we set out to write the history of the center and profile our staff members for our 10th anniversary, a magazine article writing class at East Tennessee State University came to our aid. The students in the course taught by Professor **Jack Mooney** fanned out across campus, interviewing deans, directors, secretaries, and archivists. One of the students, **Marty Edwards**, was our intern last summer. Since he knew quite a bit about us already, he took on the task of writing our history. Other students who contributed profiles and editorial help include **Sonja Anderson, Scott Braswell, Jonathan Crain, Pam Headen, Greg Leonard, Wendy Miller Leonard, Gregg Powers, Suzanne Reese, Brian Smith,** and **Rocky Vines**. We are grateful for their labors and for Jack Mooney's patience and assistance.

Other contributors to this issue include Johnson City, Tenn., writers **Mary Alice Basconi, Jan Hearne**, and Center for Appalachian Studies and Services staff.

THE APPALACHIAN WRITING CONTEST

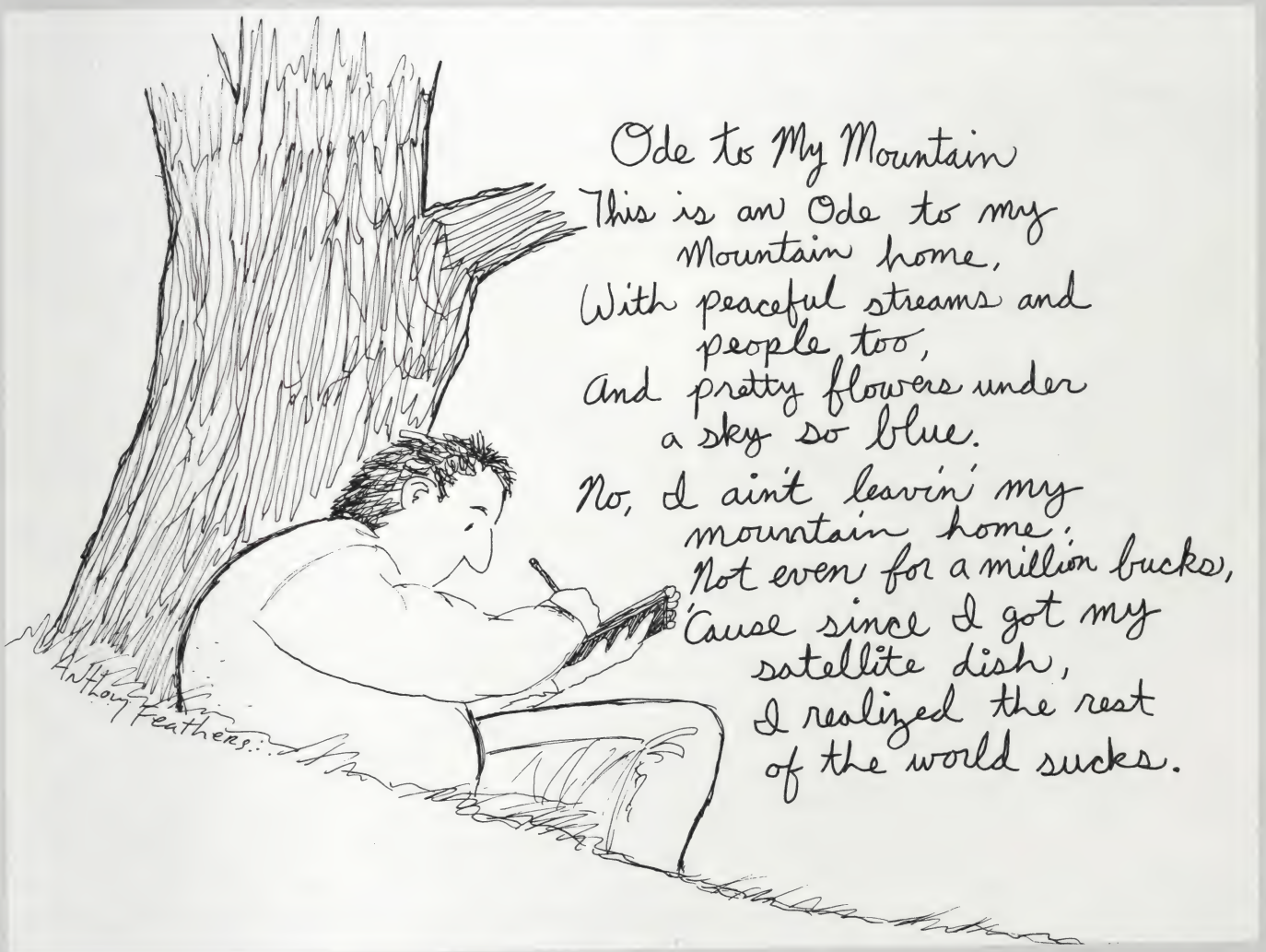
Recognizing and rewarding creative efforts seems like a noble endeavor. That is why *Now & Then* conceived of an Appalachian writing contest. We thought it would inspire the region's writers and enrich them (literally).

Last fall, the Tennessee Arts Commission and the Johnson City Area Arts Council through an Arts Build Communities grant funded the Appalachian Writing Contest, enabling us to begin an effort that we had long hoped to do.

The contest did provide inspiration. When the deadline arrived, so had 261 entries from 21 states. Whether or not they live in Appalachia now, most of the entrants have come from the region.

We did our best to be fair, separating entry forms from the stories and poems so that we would not know who the authors were. Center staff and volunteers served as screeners, selecting the best work to send to the final judges. Our judges are well-known Appalachian writers and teachers, Gurney Norman and George Ella Lyon, both of Lexington, Ky. They donated their time and expertise. "I'm glad to make a contribution to a magazine which gives us so much," said Lyon.

The contest also showed that businesses can be inspired to support artistic endeavors. Several of the prizes were underwritten by the region's companies including The First Bank and Trust Co., Abingdon, Va., Overmountain Press, Johnson City, Tenn., the *Johnson City (Tenn.) Press* the *Bristol (Va.) Herald Courier*, and the *Kingsport (Tenn.) Times-News*.



First Prize - $500	"Driftwood Found on the Greenbrier Trail" by Linda Parsons, Knoxville, Tenn.
Second Prize - $250	"Suspended from School" by Penelope Scambly Schott, Rocky Hill, N.J.
Third Prize - $100	"Touring Appalachian Poetry" by Melanie Graham, Brandon, Fla.
Honorable Mentions	"Dirt Road Parables" by Michael Chitwood, Chapel Hill, N.C.
	"The Slatterys Who Lived Down the Street" by Melanie Graham, Brandon, Fla.
	"My Father Doesn't Tell Stories" by Linda Parsons, Knoxville, Tenn.
	"Singing Lesson" by Anthony W. Reevy, Concord, N.C.
	"Reaping" by Frederick Wilbur, Lovingston, Va.
	"Mid-Season" by Kristin Camitta Zimet, Kingsport, Tenn.

Finals judge George Ella Lyon is a poet and writer in Lexington, Ky. *Catalpa,* her most recent poetry book came out in 1993. Her young adult novels are *Borrowed Children* and *Red Rover, Red Rover.* She has written several children's books including *Father Time and The Day Boxes, A Regular Rolling Noah,* and *Momma is a Miner* (forthcoming).

Lyon was born in Harlan, Ky. She received a Ph.D. in English from Indiana University. This year she was featured writer at the Emory & Henry College annual Literary Festival.

Now & Then poetry editor Jo Carson screened 125 poetry entries (with each entry containing up to three poems). She narrowed the field down to 20.

About the judging, Lyon said, "This was a hard decision because all the work was good, and there are so many possible standards. I enjoyed the work."

SECOND PRIZE — POETRY

Suspended from School

What if the stars,
headlight blind,

glare angry as mothers?
I am sending her into the night

long distance,
down roads I don't know.

The buses of my dreams
stop in narrow towns

where I scrub spoons
for strangers.

If she comes home
I will not speak her name.

Out from the blue hills
she is riding toward me now

and now
and all night long.

When the sun goes down tomorrow,
I will have

forgiven her again,
like every night

my teeth forgive my tongue.

— Penelope Scambly Schott

Penelope Scambly Schott was a visiting writer at ETSU for a National Endowment for the Humanities grant in 1987. Her poetry has been published in ***American Poetry Review***, ***Georgia Review***, ***Southern Poetry Review***, *and many other journals. Her novel,* ***A Little Ignorance****, was published by Crown in 1986.*

THE SECOND PRIZE IN POETRY WAS SPONSORED BY TENNESSEE ARTS COMMISSION AND THE JOHNSON CITY AREA ARTS COUNCIL AND THE *JOHNSON CITY PRESS.*

THIRD PRIZE — POETRY

"Surely the truth about Southern Appalachia, its history and people, can be told better than it has been told."

— Jim Wayne Miller

Touring Appalachian Poetry

Lucks soup beans collard greens corn bread corn-cob pipes
plug tobacco tin-roofed shacks snakes salvation shotguns
sin sour mash moonshine half-moons in outhouse doors
Appalachia apple butter butter churns churn handled brooms
black-faced miners black lung black mountains blue ridges
dueling banjos broken backed Bibles biscuits bare feet branches
crawling creeks cock fights local color liver-colored coon dogs
Tall tales stretched storytelling limber lies lye soap hollers
hollering contests hand-crocheted doilies hellfire foxfire
fireflies folklore folks paw paws grandpaws ghosts stone-faced
graves green overgrown gravestones red-eye gravy
Pocketknives pickled beans lonesome pines prayer meetins
preachers peach cobblers pork rinds overhalls old quilts Old
Christmas old words old

— Melanie Graham

THE THIRD PRIZE IN POETRY WAS SPONSORED BY THE *KINGSPORT (TENN.) TIMES-NEWS.*

Melanie Graham is a native of Southwest Virginia, raised in Big Stone Gap.

HONORABLE MENTION — POETRY

Singing Lesson

Highway fifty
wound black-topped
along Appalachian ridges.
The car caressed the road
as the road hugged the mountains,
holding onto a sheer shelf
blasted from the sides.

That's where I first
sang you a song.
Embarrassed,
I couldn't remember
most of the words.
I sang anyway.

If you didn't like my
out-of-pitch whining,
if you don't like my
out-of-pitch whining,
blame yourself.
You made me want to sing.
You made me want to.

—Anthony W. Reevy

Tony Reevy is corporate development director at WFAE, the public radio station in Charlotte, N.C. A Durham, N.C., native, Reevy writes non-fiction, fiction and occasional poetry. Publication credits include ***Now & Then***, ***Charlotte Poetry Review***, ***National Railway Bulletin***, *and* ***The State.***

Mid-Season

I thought I'd leave my garden tend itself:
goldfinches dizzy in the thistle patch;
a rout of sparrows in the amaranth
round the tipped feeder; cardinals chortling
in the wild cherry.
Enough indoors to prune:
one toughstemmed adolescent sprout;
one ten-year patch of poke
grown every which-away;
one oak to prop. I had my watering can,
my shears, my principles. My own
small dreams? They shone and winked
shut one by one one by one
on the heaped fence of chore-linked days
by the back door. But all the while
(how would a body know?) they slid
runners under grass; they slipped
uptrunk and clung noosetight; they rigged a net
over the downspouts and the chimneytop.
Now lawn and cherry tree and porch
and house and all go down in a tide
of hearts, of great green hearts.

—Kristin Camitta Zimet

*Kristin Camitta Zimet is a poet, editor, and conservationist. She has published poems in **The Sows Ear**, **Beanfeast**, and the **Aspen Times**, and given readings in Tennessee, Virginia, New York, Texas, and Connecticut.*

Dirt Road Parables

I have picked pieces of it out of my knees.
It followed Mr. Thruman's car when he rode out.
You could write your name in its lightness.
After every car it went about its business,
put its mica-spangles and silt in fanfare,
came down across the yard
and slipped into the pockets of shirts on the line.
It stopped the throats of morning glory trumpets.
Its rocks pinged the undercarriage.
Sparrows bathed in the eddies.
It would go where it wanted to go
and settle like happiness on the topmost leaves.

A rain would calm it.
The state sprayed oil to keep it down.
It used the oil to shimmer.
It pulled me off a bike.
It pulled me off a pony.
It opened my elbow
and knocked out a tooth.

I learned filter and disperse.
I learned to fill in and shift.
I learned billow.
I learned to gather like dust.

—Michael Chitwood

*Michael Chitwood's work has appeared in **Poetry**, **Threepenny Review**, **Ohio Review**, **Parnassus**, **The Southern Review**, and other magazines. His book, **Salt Works**, was published by Ohio Review Books.*

My Father Doesn't Tell Stories

My father slices a summer tomato on the counter.
I say I remember summers at Great Aunt Nelle's,
picking ripe Tommy Toes, the juice running down
my chin and arms. I say I remember a glider
on the marble porch, peacocks on the wallpaper,
the woman who cared for Papa instead of marrying.
I say what happened to the shoebox of photos
after she died, the picture of a man in Union blues?
It was blue, he said. *I saw it.*
I wait for more, for him to enter the dim room
of memory and find the hidden family silver.

But my father doesn't tell stories.
What's now is now, what's past is past.
Though once he told how his grandmother covered
all the mirrors when it stormed, afraid of drawing
the charge inside, of knowing the full face of light.
My father salts his tomato and recalls no garden,
no huge pantry with the single, swinging light.
I stand at the mirror as one of the family.
No one before me has left a glistening trail.
No sun is at my back, bursting its seeds in my mouth,
stretching darkly behind me.

—Linda Parsons

Linda Parsons won first prize for poetry in the Appalachian Writing Contest. *See inside front cover.*

Reaping

Hay-colored, it flaps
on the side of a bale
like the wind of a roadkill
and when we come round again,
killing the tractor,
we jump close to see
a hundred dollar bill
bound up with alfalfa and fescue.
Do we leave it there
to fetch the neighbor as witness
or will it vanish
like a quail, flushed and flown?

—Frederick Wilbur

Frederick Wilbur has had poems in ***Shenandoah***, ***The Greensboro Review***, ***New Virginia Review***, ***Now & Then***, ***Kentucky Poetry Review***, ***Hampden-Sydney Poetry Review***, *among others. He has taught college creative writing courses, been an archaeological excavator, construction worker, and an architectural woodcarver.*

FICTION

First Prize - $500 "First of the Month" by Chris Holbrook, Pippa Passes, Ky.
Second Prize - $250 "A Change in the Weather" by Tami R.S. Penley, Nickelsville, Va.
Third Prize - $100 "Seeing in the Dark" by Colleen Anderson, Charleston, W.Va.

Honorable Mentions "Going Through the Smokies" by Jan Barnett, Unicoi, Tenn.
"Dustbusters" by Tamara Baxter, Johnson City, Tenn.
"Whiners and Spark Plugs" by Margaret Lynn Brown, Calhoun, Ga.
"Bootleggers" by Steve Inskeep, Hoboken, N.J.

We had 136 fiction entries from 15 states and Washington, D.C. Most of the stories were good. The diversity was surprising and welcomed. Subjects we noted reading through one batch included quilts, Hemingway, strip mining, ghosts, old couple on an old farm, preacher, farming, coon hunting, retirees move to Appalachia. There were some recurring themes and details: jeans, hard work, self-sufficiency, quilts, newcomers, funerals, fried chicken, and biscuits. Many of the stories dealt with spiritual change, death, the lessons of grandparents.

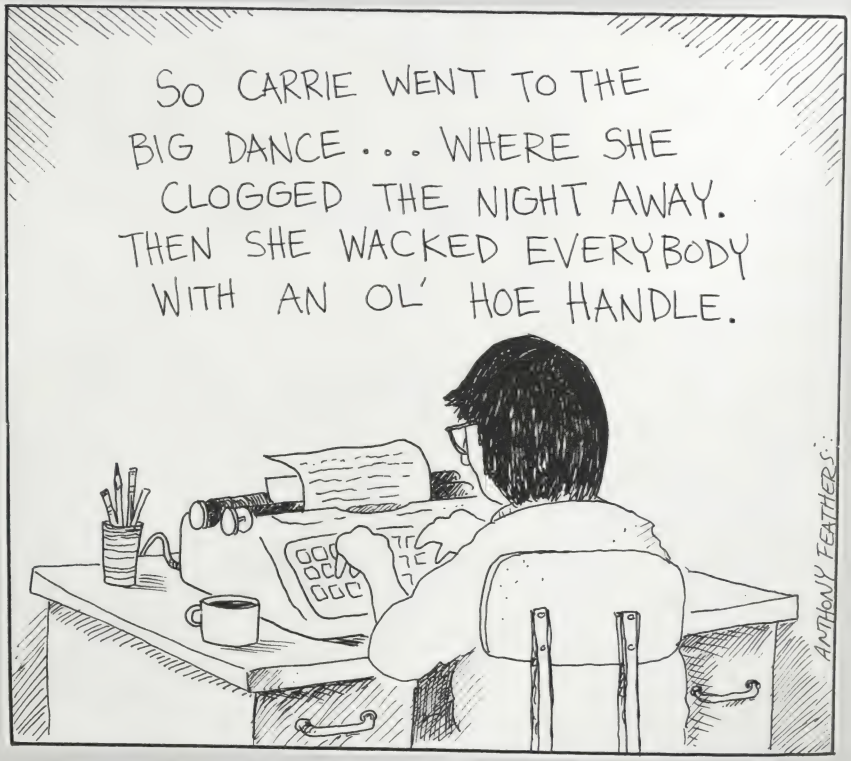
The standouts had little in common in terms of subject matter or level of drama, but they did share some characteristics: original, evocative language and excellent construction — the careful attention to the mechanics of storytelling. When we got to the stack of some 50 "maybes," we had to become more selective. As with journalism we looked for a good lead. "It's fitting that Aunt Peony is finally buried in a flower pot on Aunt Iris' and Aunt Pansy's front stoop," was one favorite (from honorable mention, "Dust Busters," by Tamara Baxter). Still, it was hard, because so much was good.

Finally, we pared the list down to 12 for Gurney Norman to judge, but we knew we were letting some fine ones get away. That is why we have selected the following stories for *Now & Then* Achievement Awards for fiction. These are admirable stories, highly creative and exciting.

***Now & Then* Achievement Awards for Fiction:**

"The Dry Spell" by Anna M. Allred, Johnson City, Tenn.
"Remainders of the Day" by David E. Booker, Knoxville, Tenn.
"My Worst Night" by Joe C. Breeding Jr., Lebanon, Va.
"Stories for Children of All Ages" by Vona Broughton, Jonesville, Va.
"All the Way Home" by Ed Davis, Yellow Springs, Ohio
"And I Guess I'll Do It Again Tomorrow" by Shelbourne Ferguson, Jr., Kingsport, Tenn.
"The Hollogut Tree" by Michael F. Hughes, Romney, W.Va.
"The Book Salesman" by Paula Lamb, Erwin, Tenn.
"Inheritances" by Lori Matthews, Kingsport, Tenn.
"The Hard Girl" by Kathy May, Charlottesville, Va.
"The Love Life of Miss Lettie Broom" by Ruth Moose, Albemarle, N.C.
"Wood Journey" by Donna L. Morgan, Irvine, Ky.
"Out of Dodge" by Christina Pacosz, Surfside Beach, S.C.
"The Cockfight" by Cathy Pleska, Scott Depot, W.Va.
"To Ease Their Passage" by Joyce A. Richardson, Athens, Ohio
"Sylvester Recalls" by James A. Riley, Lookout, Ky.
"His Own Way" by Mary Stewart, West Liberty, Ky.
"Buried" by Jeri Hanel Watts, Lexington, Va.
"The House Stays" by Joy Welch, Lexington, Ky.
"Zora's Quilt" by Mary Lynn White, Spruce Pine, N.C.
"Old Hayes" by Michael D. Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
"The Loves of Goldie Kilby" by Isabel Zuber, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Staff and volunteers of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services served as screeners of the stories. They include Pat Arnow, Jo Carson, Nancy Fischman, Charles Moore, Jane Woodside, Frieda Souder, Jan Hearne, and Jackie Presnell. Many thanks to those who helped process and screen manuscripts.


SO CARRIE WENT TO THE BIG DANCE... WHERE SHE CLOGGED THE NIGHT AWAY. THEN SHE WACKED EVERYBODY WITH AN OL' HOE HANDLE.
ANTHONY FEATHERS

Stephen King's first attempt at Appalachian macabre.

Regional Spice: Notes on Contest Judging

It so happened that at the time I was struggling to choose a winner from the final 12 short stories in the *Now & Then* contest in Tennessee, I was also in the role of administrator of a literary competition in Kentucky. By way of instructing the judge of that contest, I said to him, "All these stories have survived earlier rounds of judging. They all meet high standards. So just rely on your personal taste in choosing a winner." Having said that as an administrator, I realized that I should take my own advice in my other role as judge. The results are herewith announced. I congratulate the winners and the runners-up, but to all the other writers who participated in this magazine's competition I say: don't mind me! Keep writing!

If there is a certain built-in frustration in presuming to judge, there is also a reward which makes it worthwhile. Writers from all the Appalachian mountain states participated in *Now & Then's* contest. The writing I read as the final judge has been especially satisfying because it confirms a thought I have held in mind for many years now, that there is in Appalachian writing a unique quality, a special flavor, a secret richness or spice to add to the American literary stew.

We must not call this quality an "aesthetic." It may be an aesthetic but let's not call it that, lest the culture police pounce upon us without mercy. I am certain that quiet appreciation of this regional flavor is best. After all, the Appalachian region is not the only North American region to have a certain nuance in its art. All the regions of our country — the Great Plains, the Great Lakes, the Southwest, Northwest, Deep South, Northern California, Idaho-Montana, and dozens more smaller and larger sections of the country including the big cities which have within themselves several quite different regions — all have special local qualities that will be reflected in the regional arts.

So what are some qualities one might appreciate in Appalachian fiction? A kind of humor, for one thing. An ironic appreciation of the familiar facts of daily life. The names of things. What the men are up to. What the women are up to. What they say to one another. Sounds of voices. Watching that TV, drinking them soft drinks. Modernity saturating the old hill-and-valley way of life. Local spin on the national popular culture. The way the social classes clash and mingle. Styles of courtship. Trucks and cars on the old roads. Secret practices on the abandoned strip mines. Memories of the old people. Industrial wastelands. Middle-age people in the community colleges, who by the way are among the very best of the new Appalachian writers. No doubt these writers could extend this brief list to infinity.

In speaking of this special quality or flavor in the region's fiction, I am referring primarily to short fiction. I have been a student of the short story as an art form since my college days. My thinking about short fiction quickened when I was a student in a class at Stanford University taught by the Irish short story master, Frank O'Connor. His best teaching came through his own writing, of course, but his open, spontaneous personality allowed him to reveal not just his scholarly expertise in a genre, but his love for the form and for the great world masters in the form beginning with Turgenev and Chekhov (Mr. O'Connor's *The Lonely Voice*, published in 1965, based on his Stanford lectures, remains one of the best studies of the short story, written by a writer for writers). I hadn't encountered many teachers who were willing to say that development of a love of literature, of story, of writing, was part of the academic agenda. But Mr. O'Connor was effusive in his self-revelation. He loved this stuff, he lived by it, it was life and life was it. Mr. O'Connor helped legitimize my own similar attitude.

Maybe that is the purpose of having a magazine which will sponsor a literary competition, to establish a place, a room, in which people may convene to celebrate their affection for stories, for the word, to celebrate themselves as writers and as readers. The stories I read as one of the judges of this contest make me think that the celebration of this mountain region's good writing has only just begun.

— Gurney Norman

The setting sun shining on the majestic mountainside gave a glow reminiscent of a romantic candlelit evening as Elle called to her approaching lover, "Delbert, you want taters for supper?"
"Fried and greasy," he replied, "fried and greasy!"
ANTHONY FEATHERS

John-Boy Wilson still searching for the great romantic Appalachian novel.

Gurney Norman studied short story writing with the Irish short story master Frank O'Connor in 1961. Norman has been reading, writing and teaching the genre ever since. His first novel, ***Divine Right's Trip****, was published in 1970 in* ***The Last Whole Earth Catalog****. In 1986, Norman's book of short stories,* ***Kinfolks****, was published. He teaches creative writing at the University of Kentucky in Lexington.*

First of the Month

Chris Holbrook

I despise the first of the month. You can't get on the road for the welfare cases. I see Doug Johnston at the mouth of Brushy Creek. I try to just cruise on by like I don't see him standing there in his black turtleneck sweater and oversize camouflage pants and chewed up Reds cap stuck backwards on his head that he found in the middle of the road somewhere.

He stares me down, not even holding his thumb out, just standing there, pitiful, waiting. I go on by for a ways, make it almost, but then I look in the rearview mirror, and my foot hits the brake in spite of what I want, and he comes running up to the pickup and hops in the cab like my long lost pal.

"I didn't think you seen me for a minute," he says. "I sure do appreciate you stopping."

"Yeah, man," I say. "No problem."

"Where you headed?" he asks.

"County market."

"That's lucky for me."

My daddy and his both worked in the mines. My daddy stove his leg up under a shuttle car. His daddy claimed black lung. Claimed it. I ain't saying a lot of folks don't deserve them benefits. I ain't saying that at all. But they's some that don't.

He sits crouched up, hands on his knees, looking straight ahead. He doesn't move the whole ride. But he talks. That's how he gets around you. "Your wife all right?" he asks.

"Why wouldn't she be all right?" I snap. "There ain't been nothing in the paper about her not being all right, not that I know of."

"I reckon," Dougie says.

I don't speak again for awhile. I'm remembering Roberta when we were first married. I'm remembering the secondhand trailer we lived in the first five years, how we went without water when the pipes froze, without electricity when I was out of work. I'm thinking how what got us through was having to pull together so hard just to scrape by. I'm thinking about us now, how we come and go, say "hello" and "thank you" and "excuse me" to each other like strangers.

We ride over Polk Mountain and around by Carbide and Palestine and through town and then head out on Highway One to the County Market. The parking lot is filled with rolling wrecks, just bits and pieces of cars, not one of them whole. I find a space next to the war monument, a World War II Howitzer, shut her off, and start to climb out, but before I do, old Dougie says reckon I couldn't let him have a dollar or two.

It ain't like I didn't expect it, but even so it pisses me off. I growed up with this boy. I know his people. My daddy and his both worked in the mines. My daddy stove his leg up under a shuttle car. His daddy claimed black lung. Claimed it. I ain't saying a lot of folks don't deserve them benefits. I ain't saying that at all. But they's some that don't. Some that cheat and lie. I don't mind a fella getting what's coming to him. And I don't mind helping a fella out. It ain't that at all. But when my daddy couldn't hump no more, he didn't stick out his thumb for a free ride. He borrowed on the homeplace, leased some machinery, and put us boys to work. We had 50 acres in the head of Bear Creek, a good lot of timber, and a four-foot seam of coal just under the ridge. We hauled out the timber on 25 acres, then we stripped it. Daddy said that busted leg was the best thing ever happened to him, made him start relying on himself instead of other people. I think about when Doug Johnston asks me couldn't I let him have a dollar or two. I think, "By God, I never took Doug Johnston to raise." And I say it, too.

"By God, Dougie, I ain't took you to raise."

Doug just nods and slides out of the cab. "We thank you for the ride," he says. I feel a little bit bad then, so I pull a couple of ones from my billfold and start to hand them over. He doesn't even blink, just reaches his hand to take them, and I realize that I'm not sticking up for what I believe. So I pull the bills back and stick them in my shirt pocket. I know how that must look, but a man's got to stick up for what he believes.

THE FIRST PRIZE IN FICTION WAS SPONSORED BY THE FIRST BANK AND TRUST CO., ABINGDON, VA.

Alicia Wingate's list is filled with last-minute party items - 5 lbs of butterfly shrimp, 5 jars of smoked herring in sour cream, 4 jars of black olives/pitted, 5 jars of marinated artichoke hearts, 3 cases of *imported* beer. No brand name on the beer, just the word "imported" underlined. Its a testament to progress that a grocery in this part of the state would stock such items. Ten years ago it would have been unheard of. Strides have been made.

Now and again, I catch sight of old Dougie Johnston as I make my way through the aisles. I see him pilfering through the rolls of unsliced bologna, squeezing the loaves of day-old light bread, sniffing the packs of discount chicken wings. He's among his own today. The store's full of cases just like him — skinny, scraggly haired men and obese women trailing screaming kids; grandmaws and grandpaws dottering along behind, toothless, bent over, broken down, uneasy so far from the head of the hollow.

One old codger pops up in my face as I'm ordering my butterfly shrimp.

"Use a good knife, buddy?" he asks. He has two used-looking pocket knives in the palm of his hand. They look like something hammered together in a sweat shop in Pakistan. The grips are plastic. The blades are black with tarnish. "Give you a good deal," he says.

"No, I got a good knife," I answer and turn away to watch the lady weigh out my shrimp.

"Well," he says, "I reckon if a man's got a good knife, he don't need another'n." He doesn't go away, though. He stands next to me and stares at that iced shrimp piling up on the scales. "Them are shore big crawdads," he says. I glance over to see if he's joking. I can't tell, and the glance is all he needs to start in. "I recollect the feller went swimming in a creek full of crawdads," he says. He pauses. His eyes go blank for a second. He's trying to tell a joke, but he's lost the thread of it. I take a good look at him while he's off trying to find his thoughts. I've never seen such a beat up looking face. The skin is peppered with flecks of coal dust. The lines in it could be hundreds of years old, but I take him to be about 60. He has big hands for a little man. They're callused all over, not just the palms. The fingers, the thumbs, and the heels are all covered with thick, dead horns of skin. His nails are long and broken. They are dirty and blackened with injury. His eyes lose some of their blankness while I stare at him. "That time I never even heard no noise," he says, almost in a whisper, "just felt all the air blow out of the hole." Then he blinks, and his eyes are all clear. "Use a good knife?" he asks.

"No," I say and take my shrimp and get away. I don't know what old hurt was coming back on him. I don't need to know. Every face in this store has got some old hurt ready to flare up.

I get everything but the beer. I have to cross the county line to get beer.

I'm not surprised when Doug Johnston hails me in the parking lot and asks if I'm heading back toward town. I lie and say I'm not.

I take a good look at him while he's off trying to find his thoughts. I've never seen such a beat up looking face. The skin is peppered with flecks of coal dust. The lines in it could be hundreds of years old, but I take him to be about 60. He has big hands for a little man. They're callused all over, not just the palms.

I've hauled for John Wingate for 10 years. I drive my own truck, mine and the bank's. Roberta and I are looking to build on Millionaire's Ridge. We're not millionaires, but we've done all right. We've got a 20-foot pontoon on Laurel Lake. She drives a Camry. I've got this new Dodge Ram. All this comes from work.

When the coal run out on that first 25 acres, I talked Daddy into mining the other half. He was reluctant. "What's the use of being land poor?" I asked him. He'd growed up in them hills, he said. Hated to see it all go. But he finally saw the profit. We were still hauling coal out of there when he died.

Little brother and I got joint ownership of the land. I sold my share of the equipment to him and started trucking, but I've got a scheme to develop that property. A couple of tracts have been leveled enough for a trailer park or a shopping plaza. All I need is a little working capital. Little brother's filed Chapter 11. I'm mortgaged to the hilt. Red ink goes with the territory.

Millionaire's Ridge is a prime example of what can be done with reclamation. It rises 2,000 feet above sea level, even with being stripped. The highway going up was once an access road. The house lots are in what was once a mining pit. There's a high wall at the north end that keeps the wind down. The slag has been dozed under and fill dirt brought in and grass planted. There's a buttress built all around the ridge to keep the whole thing from sliding off. And the view is tremendous. You can look down on the center of town, on the other ridges that have been stripped and reclaimed, made even and level and grassy. There's the beginning of a horse trail that goes for 20 miles across the county and links up with seven different strip sites. There's room for pasture land now, or golf courses, or trailer parks.

Roberta's Camry is parked in the Wingate's driveway behind Alicia's 321 BMW and in front of a Nissan 300Z and a new Cadillac El Dorado. I park my pickup on the shoulder of the road.

I don't know the girl who answers the door. She's about 18, dressed in cutoff

jeans, a tie-dyed T-shirt, and a pair of bright red Chuck Taylor high-top sneakers. She has blonde hair done up in corn rows. She backs out of the doorway and yells over her shoulder. "Alicia, there's a fella here. . ." I push on through before she has a chance to confirm my admittance. I lug the beer and groceries through the entryway to where I know the kitchen to be.

Alicia Wingate and Roberta are seated at the kitchen table. I almost drop the beer when I see Alicia's face. I almost say, "My God, what happened to you?" Both her eyes are blacked. Her nose is bandaged and swollen. I almost say, "What'd you tangle with?" But before I do, I remember Roberta saying something about plastic surgery, and I just nod. But my face has given me away. Alicia's hand flutters up to cover her nose. Roberta glares.

I once heard that love is just hormones. People fall in love for the high and fall out of love when the high wears off. That's the reason so many marriages fail in the first two years. The high wears off. I don't know about Roberta and me.

John comes in from the patio to rescue the moment. "Rick," he says, "this is Ann Marie Morehead." He turns to the girl who wasn't sure I should be in the house. "Ann Marie is here with the Christian Appalachian Project." Then he puts his hand on my arm and says, "Ann Marie, this is Rick Baker, one of my best men." Ann Marie cocks her head back, goes "ah" to herself, like now she understands, and reaches out her hand. I wipe mine on my pants before I shake.

I can feel Roberta watching me. I don't want to mess up again and make us look bad. I'm relieved when John steers me out to the patio. I don't know either of the guys out there, but they have the look of capital about them. The young guy, Steve Thompson, is the son of one of John's old buddies that John is learning the coal business. I pair him with the Nissan.

The other guy, Louis Kellum, is dressed like a rich cowboy, leather sports coat and thousand dollar ostrich skin boots. He has something like a cowboy accent, like I think one would be, but it's a little too slick. I figure he drives the Cad.

We stand around for awhile and drink the Mexican beer I brought with wedges of lime. Steve Thompson seems all right. He and John talk golf. When John mentions how nice it'd be to have a course in the county someday, a real course, not some par three, I take the opportunity to mention how ripe this county is for development. "All kinds of possibilities," I say. Louis Kellum snorts and looks off across the ridge tops.

"I've been thinking about some development of my own," I say, and I outline my plans for a trailer park. John hears me out. Steve Thompson looks interested, but Louis Kellum keeps his back turned, keeps staring across the ridges.

"Minimum investment, low maintenance, and good returns over the long term," I say, looking directly at Steve Thompson.

John pats me on the back before I finish and says, "How about getting another round."

In the kitchen the ladies are sipping wine, and Ann Marie is telling about her social service work. She has a way of turning everything she says into a question.

"It's worse than you imagine?" she says. "A dozen people sometimes in a rusty trailer? Or a shack no bigger than this kitchen?"

Alicia nods.

"Whatever we do, it's just never enough? And in the end they resent us?"

"There's just so much built-in failure to overcome," Alicia says. She sighs a little, brings a tissue to her bandaged nose. "Am I right, Roberta? You're from here. You've had to overcome your background."

"Oh yes," Roberta says, then covers her mouth with her fingers.

"What do you think, Rick?" Alicia asks. "Is Ann Marie wasting her time?"

I prize a bottlecap off a beer and drink down the foam. I stare at Roberta. Her cheeks have shaded points, her hair trimmed short of her collar and styled into a silver stranded helmet, like Alicia's. Her eyebrows are plucked thin and drawn into arches. She smiles like her jaw is broken. I can't imagine touching her.

"Not wasting her time exactly." I pause to figure out how to put this. "When you've got government programs, such as welfare," I say, "and volunteer programs, such as the CAP, that not only are set up on the expectation of people failing but that go so far as to make it an advantage for people to fail, well. . ." I take a sip of beer. I nod to the CAP girl. She's sitting forward in her chair, chewing a thumbnail. "It's not a waste of time exactly. Makes you feel good."

They all scowl. I halfway hide the beer behind my hip and shuffle my feet a little. "Don't pay no attention to me," I say. I take four or five bottles of beer from the refrigerator and head for the outdoors.

"Incentives," John is saying. "If we're going to attract new industry to this area, we need to offer incentives."

"Amen to that," I say.

"Incentives in the form of tax breaks. Of cost reduction. We've got to offer recreational facilities and better schools. We've got to improve our infrastructure. We've got to give corporate America a reason to locate here." He waves his beer bottle.

The women come out to join us. Alicia sets a pitcher full of martinis on the patio

table and goes to stand next to John. Roberta stays clear of me. When she glances in my direction, there's nothing in her eyes I know how to read.

I once heard that love is just hormones. People fall in love for the high and fall out of love when the high wears off. That's the reason so many marriages fail in the first two years. The high wears off. I don't know about Roberta and me. We've been together for 15 years, and I can't say at this moment whether I'm in or out of love with her.

When we've finished our beers, John starts pouring martinis. I feel a pretty good buzz after my first hard drink and am ready to lay off, but John refills my glass as soon as I've emptied it.

I glance at Roberta. She is smiling her broken-jawed smile. She's not a homely woman, but there's something about the way she stands next to Alicia Wingate that makes her look not as pretty or maybe not as good. It may be the way I look at her. It may be the way I look next to John Wingate. I feel bad. When I finish my martini and reach for the pitcher, I'm just drunk enough to tip it over. It shatters against the deck, a splatter of fine crystal and expensive vodka.

John's face gets hard, and for a minute I feel like I'm on the job, and he's about to come down on me. The back of my neck gets hot. I kneel to pick up the pieces of glass. Roberta brings a towel from the kitchen to mop up the vodka. I watch her face as we work. I wish she'd look at me.

The women open more wine. The men have another round of beer. For the next hour we drink steadily. Nobody mentions my mishap, and after awhile I feel like I'm among friends again.

Roberta has enough of a buzz going to let me give her a little squeeze. We stand together for a minute, watching John and Alicia slow dance across the deck. John sings softly in Alicia's ear, and Alicia giggles in a way I would've never thought she could. Steve Thompson and the CAP girl whisper to each other and stare off over the ridge tops, holding hands. Louis Kellum hangs on the rail and drinks his beer.

When the CAP girl wanders back into the house, Roberta makes her getaway. Kellum drains his beer and goes inside.

I corner Steve Thompson. I tell jokes and get him to laugh. I get him to tell jokes, and I laugh. I agree with his politics. I admire his car. I cross over to his religion. Then I get down to business. Within half an hour we have a verbal commitment to a written commitment to an agreement that will be mutually beneficial to both of us, but mostly to me. We squeeze lime juice into cold Mexican beer and drink to prosperity.

The CAP girl returns. John and Alicia are still dancing, so I excuse myself and head inside. When I enter the kitchen, I hear Roberta's muffled voice mingled with Kellum's snaky cowboy drawl. Kellum has his arms around Roberta, and Roberta is pushing him away. I can't tell if she's laughing or crying. Kellum is already on the floor by the time I feel my fist smash into his face. I've not punched anyone since I was in the Army. I feel none of the wild release of adrenaline. The flash of anger that set me off becomes a steady ache inside my gut.

The next thing I know the party has moved indoors, and I'm the center of attention. For some reason I think about the old codger in the County Market, about the years he must've spent in the mines to get that face of his, about the busted joints and cracked bones he must've suffered, and about the memory of pain that's all he's left with for all his work.

I help Kellum to his feet, offer him a handkerchief for his busted nose, dust him off. He pushes me away and stalks out of the kitchen. I see lost opportunity on Steve Thompson's face. When I look at John, I wonder if I'll have a job on Monday.

I say my apologies as much as I can. I say I'm sorry about the pitcher I broke. I say I'm sorry about the mess in the kitchen. I tell Steve Thompson we'll have to talk business sometime. I tell John Wingate I'll see him Monday. I say to Alicia, "Thank you for having us." I say to the CAP girl it's been nice to meet her. I say I'm sorry we have to go.

We leave Roberta's Camry blocked by all that rolling money and climb into the pickup. I'm stone, cold sober. Roberta's quiet. I look at her, and I think, "Lord, what just happened?"

Before we even get close to home, I see a figure on the roadside. Who else but Dougie Johnston? He's lugging a sack full of groceries back to Brushy Creek. He steps off the road when he sees us coming. I tap the brakes.

I see Roberta tense as Dougie climbs into the cab. He smiles at both of us, nods to Roberta, and settles in next to the door, keeping a polite distance. Right off Dougie asks Roberta how her dad has been. She tells him about his bursitis, and Dougie says how he reckons he ought to stop by and visit. Roberta asks Dougie how his mom and dad are, and Dougie says, "Oh, about the same." She and Dougie talk family all the way up Polk Mountain. By the time we pass through Carbide, Roberta has relaxed a little. I pull over when we get to the mouth of Brushy Creek. Roberta manages a weak smile as Dougie gets out of the cab. "Thank you for the ride," he says, and for a second I think he's going to put the touch on me, but he just tips the brim of this cap at Roberta and heads up the hollow with his sack full of groceries. I think about going after him, maybe slipping him a few dollars. It would help him out. It would make me feel better.

I shut off the truck when Roberta says, "Come on, let's go." I can feel her staring at me, but I just sit there, thinking things over. She settles in on her side of the cab to do her own thinking. It gets dark. We watch the moon come up over Auglin Mountain. The outfit that stripped it filed Chapter 7 before they could do any reclamation. The bare knobs of rock shine white as bone in the full moon's light. I hear a dragline start up on a strip job five miles away. I think about all the money to be made in this world. I wonder if I'll have a job on Monday or a wife.

Chris Holbrook received a master's degree in fine arts from the Iowa Writer's Workshop in 1986. He has served on the faculty of the Appalachian Writer's Workshop in Hindman, Ky., and teaches English at Alice Lloyd College in Pippa Passes, Ky. His stories have appeared in a variety of small literary publications, ***Groundwater****, an anthology of Kentucky stories, and* ***A Gathering at the Forks****, an anthology of the Appalachian Writer's Workshop.*

Tami R.S. Penley

A Change in the Weather

"Martha, it is not the end of the world," Mack had said a week ago after news of the big ice storm two counties up reached them.

Martha had disagreed even then, before the awful sun of yesterday and the worse rain of today. She felt like all the prophecies of doom were being fulfilled. At least she thought they were. Seems like she could remember something in "Revelations" about plagues and floods and earthquakes. There had been an earthquake in California last week. At least the mountains here at home were old and settled, used to standing still even if they were being drenched with rain and then frozen solid.

The plague had been Martha's first sign that what she felt in her bones was coming true, had convinced her that the end of time was near at hand. A swarming horde of ladybugs had infested her house. The end of the world was going to be preceded by plagues and floods and earthquakes. The Bible said so. Or maybe it had been her Mamaw Dovey who had said so? But, then she had also been the one who said that no man had ever walked on the moon. She had been very disappointed that a good man like Walter Cronkite would allow himself to report such a hoax. For years she would explain to any willing ear that the moon walking pictures had been taken out in Arizona, in the desert.

Mamaw Dovey had in her later years reconciled herself to the possibility that just maybe men had been hurtling themselves outside the cozy atmosphere of Earth, but she had never liked the idea. She began proclaiming that "busting the Earth's shell" and flying, "when if God had meant for man to fly He would have made him with wings," would mess up the natural order of things. Yeah, that was what she had said. That if man insisted on flinging himself up into the heavens trying to be like God, then there would be dire changes on the Earth. Martha could hear her strong voice saying, "Man was made of the earth, fashioned of clay, and he has no business flying around up in heaven." She had foretold that such tinkering with the heavens would bring about the end of time, that was it. Earth's weather would go haywire, sending a sure signal that the end was near.

A swarming horde of ladybugs had infested her house. The end of the world was going to be preceded by plagues and floods and earthquakes. The Bible said so. Or maybe it had been her Mamaw Dovey who had said so?

Now, a week after the latest onslaught of insane weather, Martha felt worse. Yesterday, with its unnatural warmth and blinding light, had made her even more uneasy than the unending cold and rain. Last night the dreams came as they had for weeks. She dreamed of an old woman, bent over, using her walking stick to make holes in the ground beside a circle of fire, trying to tell her something, to remind her of some piece of wisdom she would need. Martha wondered if the woman was digging a hole to plant a seedling, or to bury a tiny body. Sometimes Martha felt that the woman was one of her grandmothers, Mamaw Dovey, or maybe her mother's mother, Granny Belle. Other times dancing around the fire, digging in the dirt there would be an ancient black woman. Once she remembered the woman putting her dark lovely hands over her belly and massaging, speaking in a tongue that Martha couldn't understand, then turning to dig another hole with her bent stick. She would wake up sweating, still straining to hear the words and knowing that she was waiting for a sign. She felt it in her womb. She had known last night, standing looking at the sight of the full moon riding in and out of the clouds rolling in after the clear, bright day, that something was coming. A change. She tasted it on the wind, a wind warm and moist and blowing from the south.

Martha turned her body away from the television and looked out the window behind her. Rain soaked the glass. Last night's clouds had moved in carrying water sucked up from some strange country. "Mack, I was right. I'm telling you. The end of time is at hand. And wasn't there a space shuttle sent up not long ago?"

Mack nodded. Looked at her over his glasses, unsure of the connection between the two events, and said, "Yes. A 'Discovery' went up last week."

THE SECOND PRIZE IN FICTION WAS SPONSORED BY OVERMOUNTAIN PRESS, JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Martha slammed her Dr. Pepper can down on her grandmother's old quilt chest that served as their coffee table. "See, I told you so."

Mack looked confused about what he'd just been told. "Huh?"

Martha explained to him about plagues, floods, earthquakes, and space rockets. Again he nodded.

She continued, "See, it started on Halloween. What did it do on Halloween? It snowed. Remember? There was white snow piled up on the pear leaves, and them still green on the tree. Snow on Halloween. Things haven't been right ever since. Then those ladybugs, hiding in every corner, scratching at the windows to get in. Then blizzards. Snow coming down. Then not melting. Just sitting on the ground so that you knew the next storm was on its way. Then those 'Arctic expresses' that Willard Scott keeps showing us, curving down from the top of the world, freezing the ground solid for days. Then the rain. Inches of rain in only minutes. Like the heavens are flooding, trying to wash the Earth clean. Then ice storms. Then snow. Then more rain. And then yesterday. Yesterday was almost more than I could bear."

Yesterday had dawned with a warm, clear sky, 70 degrees. Birds singing. The sun had awakened her, pouring in through the window at the foot of their waterbed. It hurt her eyes. When she had walked onto the porch, she had felt its heat beating against her pale winter skin. She had felt flushed, like one of the hot flashes that sometimes tore through her body in the long hours before the sun came up had found her in the light of day. She had squinted her eyes against the glare, felt them water and drop tears down beside her nose.

Yesterday afternoon they had driven the 13 miles to the Pizza Hut in Gate City. "To get out awhile and enjoy the sun for a change," Mack said. She had watched people running about in their yards. Women kneeling in flower beds, digging. Tractors plowing, making a drone that reminded Martha of a crazy dulcimer. While they were eating their pizza, her friend Louetta had come in, seen them, walked over. "Oh, Martha, isn't this weather just the cure for cabin fever? I know I'm rushing it, but I've sent off an order to the *GrowEver Garden Catalogue*. Just some hostas and a new wisteria. That last one I planted never did bloom." Without waiting for Martha to respond, she had walked off saying, "I just can't wait to get out there digging in the dirt."

To Martha it felt like stepping just to the left of her body. She'd felt like she had new eyes, a new vision of Mack, the house, the children, even the tiny hairs on her knuckles had needed studying with this new sight.

Martha looked down at her own clean hands. Saw them as they were every spring — rough, dirty, with dark half-moon, soil circles under each nail. "Spring's never coming," she whispered. Mack chewed his pizza, didn't hear.

Today had come on in a torrent. The blue skies of yesterday had been covered by clouds rolling in like gray waves over the ridges. Martha had fallen asleep clutching her Mamaw Dovey's double wedding ring quilt, listening to the wind as the high pressure front born in the wet Gulf of Mexico moved over the mountains.

Now they sat on her new futon, its back section up making a kind of lounging bed. *Jeopardy* contestants were answering questions about Italian operas. Martha felt something warm and tiny crawling on her stomach. Gentle sticky feet, a tickle. She eased up her nightgown. Making its way across the shiny map of her stretch marks was an orange and black ladybug. She touched it with her finger and watched it pull into itself, getting very still, feigning death, or sleep. She rolled it onto her hand. The ladybugs still flourished in the spaces where Martha couldn't catch them. They had been the plague, her first sign.

The bugs had started in November. Like a carpet of black and orange toy chrysanthemums, they had swarmed the windows of the house, crawled into every crack in the old plank flooring, spilled out from around the ceiling. They popped into light bulbs every night like tiny kamikaze jack-of-lanterns. Martha had felt sorry for them. She loved ladybugs. She sang songs to them every summer as she weeded around her pole beans, hoed in her Silver Queen corn, hoping they would stay throughout the summer eating bad bugs in her garden. But ladybugs in November worried her. They were supposed to be under the ground. Asleep. What had woke them up? What had made them crawl out of their dirt homes to come find shelter in her house?

She gathered them up in a quart Mason jar. She had read an article in *Organic Gardening* that said ladybugs could be kept all winter on damp paper towels in a jar in the refrigerator. So there was a Mason jar in her refrigerator full of sluggish orange and black bugs. They hibernated in her Amana so that in the spring, she could let them loose in her garden.

Holding the ladybug in her cupped hand, she stood up and walked across the living room. Mack looked up her. Martha stood still. "Will there be a spring, Mack?" she asked.

"It always comes. This is just the first day of March. Yesterday was just a fluke. You knew that couldn't last. We'll get out again tomorrow. Drive around and look at the flood water. They're reporting that three inches fell this morning before noon. I bet the low water bridge below Addington's farm is covered again."

"That's what I mean. Yesterday I saw that girl of Jewel Taylor's laying out in the sun, wearing a bikini. Today we're under water again. Brand-new roads are sinking in the ground. Just last week there was ice breaking down trees. The Blue Ridge Parkway is still closed. People could be without electricity for weeks yet. Schools are closed due to floods and muddy drinking water." Martha stopped talking, looked down at the ladybug laying still in her hand.

Jeopardy was still going on in the background. Martha turned to go on through to the living room when Johnny Wood, their favorite local weatherman, interrupted the program to report, "An

earthquake has been confirmed in the Bristol area. A two on the Richter scale say the officials. To repeat, an earthquake measuring two on the Richter scale has been reported in the Bristol area. Stay tuned for further updates."

Martha paled. Looked over at Mack lounged back in his Lazy Boy. He was rubbing his chin with one hand. She started to speak. Then couldn't get her mouth open. Her lips crackled like old leaves as she said, "I told you so."

Mack laughed. She could see him trying not to laugh, but it just ballooned up and came tumbling out of him. Then he got quiet again and gave her a look.

It made her mad. It was a look like the ones he had given her three years ago when she had been trying to decide whether or not to have a nervous breakdown. She hadn't thought she was having a nervous breakdown. To Martha it felt like stepping just to the left of her body. She'd felt like she had new eyes, a new vision of Mack, the house, the children, even the tiny hairs on her knuckles had needed studying with this new sight. She had to give him credit. Mack had tried to keep up with her new strange way of living, of seeing things. He hadn't said a word when he came home from plowing to find all the Home Interiors pictures, shelves, candlesticks, and figurines off the walls and end tables and decorating the concrete well house at the bottom of their driveway. Martha's explained to him, though he hadn't asked, "That stuff was making me want to puke."

He stayed real quiet when he came home from the barber shop one August afternoon to find the gentle gray smoke house painted a violent shade of chartreuse.

Finally, when she had met him for lunch one Monday wearing her hair in great snaky gray dreadlocks, he decided it was time to speak. But after looking into her fierce hazel eyes, looking again at the twisted ropes dancing out from her head, he'd said only, "That's a good look for you." Martha remembered taking him home from that lunch, pulling him into the house so recently vacated by their two children, undressing him, moving her body against his. She had felt her coiled hair spring against his curly chest hairs. She'd decided that day that having a nervous breakdown felt more like a resurrection of sorts. Her friend Louetta had told her not to think of herself as breaking down, but instead to think of it as a breaking open. Those words had expanded Martha's world. When she went the next week to have her dreadlocks shorn off, she decided instead to dye them red. Looking in the beauty shop mirror she had felt a hissing of approval somewhere in her belly, felt a warmth spread through her limbs. She hoped that getting born again felt something like that. She'd felt the same sort of rush when she had the fading ropes of red hair cut last year into a sort of crew cut that let her smooth skull shine through.

How could he be so calm? An earthquake here? Here where the mountains squatted with solid, thick thighs against the earth?

But now Mack was still sitting on her damn purple and green futon giving her a look. How could he be so calm? An earthquake here? Here where the mountains squatted with solid, thick thighs against the earth? She left the living room and walked to the kitchen. She slammed a cabinet door, flung open the refrigerator, and stood there holding the ladybug in her palm. She felt tight inside. Like she was holding her breath. She could still feel the place where the ladybug had been walking across her belly. It was right over a tight place that had been knotting in her guts for weeks. It was a knowing, a warning of change, like soft old lips trying to tell her a secret she couldn't hear. She felt like she did when she dreamed she couldn't dial a telephone, couldn't get the connection to go through, cut off from something that she should know or remember.

Then she did know.

The knot in her stomach seemed to break, spreading a cold through her bones, out the ends of her fingers. She shivered. The knowledge was not easy. How had she missed it? Where had it been? How could she have forgotten? She remembered a time when she marked down in code in her diary each time it came and went, how long it lasted. She even remembered the first time she had bled. It had been Easter Sunday. How many years ago? Except for the eighteen months she had carried her two children inside of her, feeding them with her blood, it had never failed to come. Now, as she counted back, she realized this was third full moon that had come and gone without a visit. It might come again, once or twice, but she knew it would never come every month.

She shut the refrigerator door easy, felt it click closed like a well-made coffin. Outside the rain had let up. She knew how the ladybugs felt. All cold and slow, bound up in their temperature-controlled glass cage safe from the weather. She opened the refrigerator again. Put in her hand, brought out the Mason jar.

Mack heard the back door open. Heard Martha step onto the porch. He didn't hear the unscrewing of the lid, didn't hear her hands twitch as she eased off the canning flat poked through with sharp holes made by a finishing nail.

He did hear her speak but couldn't hear the words. She was whispering, singing low, "Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home," as she eased the orange and black ladies onto her hand, then shook it gently, sending them into the dark, hoping they found warm holes in her untilled garden.

Martha stood on the porch, still humming to the ladybugs as they took wing or tumbled to the ground too cold to fly, when she thought she heard old women talking, murmuring somewhere below her, past last year's rye-green tobacco field, down near the cliffs hanging over Copper Creek. Then she understood the message. Tree frogs. Singing their first song of the season to a partly cloudy sky.

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Seeing in the Dark

Colleen Anderson

A newly blind man made his way through the park across from the library. His white cane looked unused, and he tapped it gingerly, stopping often to poke at the pavement as if he expected the earth to slide away under him. At these times his companion, an older man also halted. The blind man's face worked constantly, as if he were figuring out a difficult mathematical problem in his head.

I watched him from the park bench where I had agreed to meet Reid — not because I worked at the library, but because neither my husband nor Reid's wife was likely to see us there.

The love affair with Reid was the only time I had been unfaithful. Ken and I had been married for six years — six good years, I would have described them, though they hadn't been easy since Ken had entered medical school. But he wouldn't be in school forever. He was a kind, steady, careful man. It wasn't his fault that he didn't pay much attention to me.

He was a kind, steady, careful man. It wasn't his fault that he didn't pay much attention to me.

I had met Reid at the Red Cross, donating blood. I hadn't given blood for years and, to my embarrassment, I fainted. When I came to, he was reading aloud. "Ah," he said, "I thought Stanley Kunitz would bring you around." He told me he was an English professor. I told him I worked at the library, and we started talking about our favorite books. It was that simple. I woke up and fell in love.

When we were together, I was simply glad to be with him; it was like being in the sun or on top of a hill. When we weren't, I was miserable and guilty.

Reid hurried toward me along the sidewalk that crossed diagonally through the park — a short man, only a couple of inches taller than I am, with a paunchy stomach. His hair stuck out wildly. He pushed back his shirtsleeve and looked as his wrist, as if he were wearing a watch, which he wasn't.

"I've got about three hours," he said. "How about you?"

"All kinds of time. Ken's at an evening class." Did irritation flicker on Reid's face when I said my husband's name? I didn't like it when Reid mentioned Dana, his wife.

"So, where shall we go?"

"The age-old question."

That was how it was. We had to get out of town to be together. We took long walks, after dark, in neighborhoods we didn't know. We spent a lot of time in Reid's Honda, my knees jammed up against the glove compartment and my head grazing the ceiling every time we hit a bump. We were relegated to the out-of-way; in this small city, too many people knew one or both of us.

For the rest of that fall, waiting in the park, I followed the blind man's progress. Autumn turned to winter. His companion still walked beside him, but touched him less frequently. I started seeing them in other places, watched the young man take on new challenges: revolving doors, pay telephones, vending machines in the post office. One night, when my husband and I were having dinner, I saw the blind man and his friend in the same restaurant, a few tables away.

"See that guy over there?" I whispered to Ken.

"Yeah. Do you know him?"

"No. Not really. I've seen him a lot. He's blind, but you could hardly guess it now." The blind man was laughing and talking with his friend. Perhaps he was celebrating something. I had never seen him smile, and I was fascinated. It made him a different person. He was drinking red wine. He held up his glass, and his friend clinked another glass against it.

Reid was going to Rhode Island, where Dana's parents lived, for the two-week Christmas break. We had agreed to spend part of the Sunday before vacation together. The park across from the library was deserted. The weather had turned bitter, and a freezing drizzle dulled the day.

At a church across the side street, a larger-than-life Nativity scene had been set up — painted wood figures placed in front of a lean-to that was supposed to represent a stable. They

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dragged out the same statues every year and arranged them in exactly the same way, as if some bishop had issued orders that Mary, demure in her blue shawl, must sit behind the manger with Joseph positioned slightly to her left. In the manger, instead of a wooden statue of the Christ child, a plastic doll wearing a diaper lay on the heaped straw. The original had been stolen years ago. There was one representative each for the shepherds and the Magi; the shepherd kneeled beside the manger and the king, holding up a silvery box about the size and shape of a package of tissues, appeared to be advancing toward the others from the church parking lot.

Reid was late. I heard a sound and turned. It was the blind man and his friend. They were coming slowly toward me; the cane, sweeping back and forth in the foggy hush, made a sound like the chattering of teeth.

He slipped on the ice.

His right foot slid forward, and the top half of his body jerked to compensate, but not quickly enough. He tried to brace himself with the cane, but it flew out of his hand and clattered across the sidewalk. With a cry, he went down.

I leapt off the bench instinctively and ran toward him. His companion, however, motioned me away. The young man sat on the sidewalk. The older man stood a few feet away. For several seconds, we all were motionless, like extras in the Nativity tableau.

The blind man sighed deeply, groped for his cane, found it, and got to his feet. He turned slowly in each direction.

"Who else was here?"

"A young woman — she still is here. She would have helped you, but you did fine on your own." The older man smiled at me.

"Are you OK?" I said.

"Yes. Thanks." He extended his hand in my direction, and I took it. His handshake was firm and friendly. My own hands were icy and hard from the cold.

Nevertheless, I stayed in the park for almost an hour, occasionally pacing along the diagonal sidewalk, pausing to view the outsized crèche from various angles. The drizzle turned to snow. The Wise Man's gift became a holiday pound cake dusted with sugar.

Reid was incredibly sorry, he said. It was early the next morning; he was in a phone booth somewhere near Cumberland. It was one of those things. He hadn't been able to get away — the holidays, unexpected guests, a couple of glasses of eggnog. And besides.

"I know." I finished for him, "It's the nature of our relationship. We can't depend on anything. I was disappointed, that's all. It's so hard, like being in a play where you don't know the lines."

There was silence between us.

"I have to go. Dana's waiting in the car."

"OK."

"So ... have a Merry Christmas."

"I miss you."

"Yeah, me too. I miss you, too." Then he was gone.

Reid's wife was pregnant. She had made the announcement on Christmas Eve, after dinner, in front of her parents and two uncles. Then she had given Reid a camera.

"Three months?" Reid shook his head. "She never even let on. Well, she wasn't sure, for the first month and a half. But she never said a word. Jesus Christ."

"How does ... Dana feel about it?"

"Are you kidding? She's happy as a lark."

"And you?"

"Oh I'll be fine. I mean, I just don't feel ready for — but maybe nobody ever does. Who knows?"

We were walking along the railroad tracks in the town of Mason, on Fletcher Creek. We had come up Fletcher Creek before, but never this far, almost 12 miles, and neither of us knew where the creek ended or how far into the mountains the hollow extended. Some of these hollows went back for 30 miles or more, and all of them were similar to this one — a creek, like a bright necklace running through the mountains, strung with small coal mining towns: Claymore, Wilton, Glen Davis, Amanda. There was a railroad track on one side of the creek and a paved road on the other. Dilapidated houses, an occasional general store or gas station, and small churches were clustered along the creek. A few more houses clung to the mountainside or were tucked into narrower hollows that forked off the main road.

They dragged out the same statues every year and arranged them in exactly the same way, as if some bishop had issued orders that Mary, demure in her blue shawl, must sit behind the manger with Joseph positioned slightly to her left.

It had snowed the night before, a wet, heavy snowfall. Every tree branch was outlined in white. The sun shone, and the air smelled of something — not spring, but some significant thaw. Here and there, snow slid from branches and plopped to the ground. Tiny waterfalls flashed, and long icicles hung from the rocks where the mountain had been chiseled away to make room for the road. A cardinal darted from the corner of a house into the cover of an evergreen.

We ate lunch in the car — a quart of chocolate milk and a bag of brittle ginger snaps we bought at Lucinda's Market in a place called Bidwell, Unincorporated — and decided to drive further up the creek. After about five miles there were no more houses. A few more miles, and the hard road ended abruptly. A gravel road

went on with a sharp turn to the right, and there was an abandoned coal tipple, its motionless conveyor straddling the road like the appendage of a prehistoric behemoth. From our viewpoint, we couldn't see the building in perspective; instead, it looked as if a huge, two-dimensional partition had been erected — as if we had come upon the backdrop for some monstrous performance. Even the colors were unnerving. The structure was flat black, with corrugated panels of garish turquoise plastic at awkward intervals, perhaps covering broken windows.

"I'll be damned," Reid breathed.

"Want to go on?"

"Yeah, OK. It's crazy, though. Everything about this place is telling me to get the hell out."

It was slow going because of the uneven road and the melting snow. The air had grown still and darker; we were in the shadow of a mountain. The muffler scraped. Reid cursed. Directly beneath the conveyor of the tipple, a stream of acid-stained water, almost red, washed across the gravel.

A few yards beyond, the condition of the road deteriorated further, and it appeared to go up a steep incline.

"It probably just dead-ends here," I said.

"It can't go much further. There's a damned mountain in front of us."

We were kissing, and Reid was working with the hooks on my bra, when I opened my eyes and saw a white pickup truck fly over the crest of the hill. There was no time to cry out, only to watch the truck, ghostlike in the snow, barrel down at us, see it swerve and careen around us. A man and a boy were in the cab, and the boy jabbed his middle finger angrily upward as they passed. No horn was sounded.

"Holy shit, where did they come from?" Reid started the car and managed to get us turned around. "Let's get out of here. This place is spooky."

In late February, shopping with my husband in a record store, I met Reid's wife. Ken was at the sales counter, and I was flipping through the jazz rack, when I heard Reid's voice.

"Hey, how are you?" Reid was standing beside me, and a short, pretty, pregnant woman was holding his hand. Before I could reply, he stuck out the other hand and began pumping my arm. "Reid Murphy," he practically shouted, "Remember me? We met at the Red Cross."

I made a show of recognizing him.

"We had a race to see who could fill up a pint first," Reid said to his wife.

"And I passed out."

"He has that effect on people sometimes," Dana said. She laughed. Her eyes were brown and warm.

Ken came over to where we were standing, and I introduced him. Dana suggested that the four of us go to a nearby coffee shop. We ordered coffee, except for Dana, who patted her belly and smiled at me. "I don't want to overdo it with the caffeine."

Reid started talking to Ken about music, and I found myself listening to Dana. I didn't look at Reid. Dana was sincere, bubbly, and completely absorbed in the miracle of her pregnancy. She apologized. She knew it must be boring to hear this silly pregnant woman gushing, but honestly, she couldn't help it, she was just overwhelmed by the whole thing. She had been reading like crazy, and she knew all about the fetus — how far it had developed already, how big it was, and that it sometimes sucked its little thumb in the womb.

"Have you had that test — amniocentesis?" I glanced at Ken to make sure I had pronounced it correctly. "Don't you want to know whether it's a boy or a girl?"

"No. We want to be surprised."

"I figured out what happened that day in January," Reid told me, "when the pickup truck almost hit us. It came out of a tunnel. There's an old railroad tunnel. It goes straight through the mountain and comes out in the next county."

"How did you find out all this?"

"A student of mine, a kid who grew up on Fletcher Creek. I guess his folks still live out there. Nice kid. He knows that whole area like the back of his hand. He told me quite a few people still use the tunnel. It's only wide enough for one car, so if you meet somebody while you're in there, one of you has to back out."

"That's wild."

"We've got to go back. Sometime soon. Some Saturday."

But we couldn't seem to find the time in March. Reid had to go to a conference. My sister and brother-in-law visited for a week. Then there were midterms, and Reid was too busy to go anywhere. We managed to talk on the telephone, but not to see one another.

I supposed, too, that he was preoccupied with preparations for the new baby. I told myself that I had never expected this romance to last for more than a month or two at most. Had I? What had I expected? I sat in the kitchen late at night, while Ken studied for his exams, staring out the window at the traffic signal on the corner, watching it change from green to yellow to red, and back to green.

Then, for almost two weeks, Reid didn't call at all. That was it, then. Over. Just like that. I snapped my fingers and felt tears slip down my face.

When the telephone rang on a Saturday morning in April, I tried to calm myself before I answered, as usual. It wouldn't be Reid, that was over. It would be somebody coaxing me to apply for a Sears charge account. It would be another med student calling Ken, who was with a study group all day. I let it ring five times. It was Reid.

"God, it's good to hear your voice," I said.

"Can you meet me in the park?"

"When? Now?"

"I'll be there in 15 minutes."

Outside, the air was clean and chilly. Pink and white crabapple trees bloomed along the riverbank. I passed a bus stop and saw the blind man waiting for a ride. He was alone these days, and he was somehow no longer remarkable. He had

acquired an impassive expression and a dignified bearing. The tilt of his head, the way he held the cane, everything about him was self-possessed and unobtrusive. He had learned well.

Reid's car was parked at the end of the block. He opened the door for me; as soon as I was inside, he started the engine and pulled away from the curb.

I had caught the hem of my skirt in the door. "Hold it a minute, Reid, what's the hurry?"

He didn't reply and he didn't slow down. We passed the waste water treatment plant at the edge of town. Reid looked ahead and scowled.

"Reid, what's going on?"

"Something went wrong," he said. "We lost the baby."

The car windows were rolled up. Driving up Fletcher Creek, we passed through the unincorporated towns in silence, as if we traveled in a dream. Random images imprinted themselves: brightly colored clothes flapping noiselessly on a clothesline; a bleach bottle bobbing along the creek, which had apparently flooded and subsided recently, leaving bits of toilet paper and rags in the branches of trees; a little girl skipping rope in front of a blue trailer; a collection of hubcaps nailed to a fence; a yellow-green willow; two fat women standing in front of a post office.

Without the forgiving blanket of snow, the area around the old mine portal was twice as bleak. A thin parade of white flowers lined the ditch beside the gravel road. Red water flowed fast beneath the tipple. The mountain loomed ahead.

Reid hesitated at the entrance to the tunnel. It was arched stone, narrow and low. He switched on the headlights, but they illuminated only the first few yards. Water dripped from the ceiling. Patches of something gray hung on the walls, and I thought I saw a rat scurry deeper into the darkness. Reid let out the clutch, a little too quickly. With a lurch, we entered the tunnel.

The movement of the car indicated that we were on a fairly level plane except for the occasional jolt from a pothole, but, looking backwards at the glowing eye that was the tunnel entrance, it was easy to feel myself dropping as if down a well shaft. The sound of water dripping on the thin roof of the Honda was a resounding drum. Then, abruptly, it stopped, and I heard my own heart pounding.

We went on. The light behind us blinked out, and there was nothing ahead. We crept forward.

Deep inside the mountain, Reid stopped the car and turned off the lights.

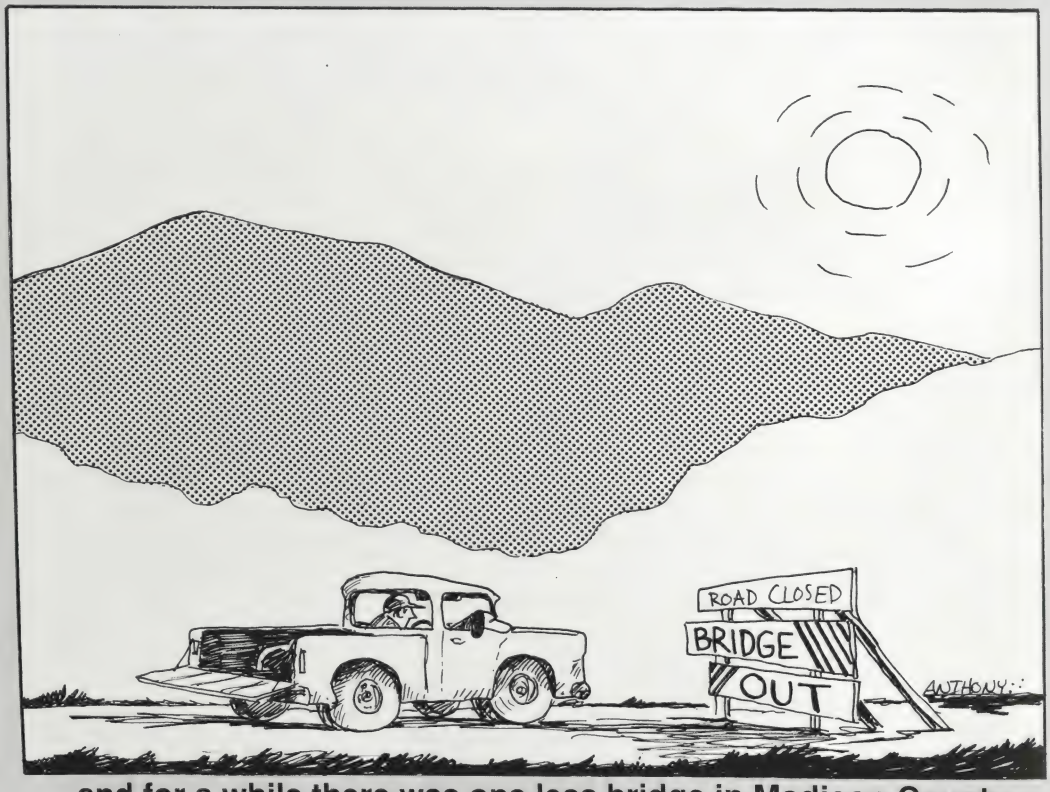
"What if another car comes?"

He didn't answer.

So this was blindness. There was no sound but my own breathing and Reid's. And nothing to see but black. Black in front of me, black behind, black on every side. I put my hand up to my face, opened my eyes as wide as I could. It wasn't there. I touched it with my other hand, half expecting to feel nothing but air. I turned toward Reid and saw nothing. Reaching out, I found his face and traced with my fingers the curve of his jaw; the round, fleshy ball of his chin; his warm lips, slightly parted. I felt the breath under his nostrils, rocked my index finger gently in the crease between his brow and his nose. With both hands, I followed the ridge of his eyebrows to the place where I could feel blood flowing under his temples, and moved my fingers forward to his cheeks. They were wet.

After a few minutes, Reid started the engine and drove us out of the tunnel. Another tiny, shimmering arch appeared and grew wider. There was dripping water again, near the opening, just before we burst into the dazzling pain of sunlight.

Colleen Anderson is a writer, songwriter, and graphic designer in Charleston, W.Va. Her fiction and poetry have appeared in ***Redbook***, ***Carolina Quarterly***, ***Embers***, *and the PEN Syndicated Fiction Project. She has been featured on "Mountain Stage," "The Folk Sampler," and "The Poet and the Poem." Anderson is the owner of Mother Wit, a creative studio in Charleston.*



... and for a while there was one less bridge in Madison County (North Carolina).

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The Newsletter of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services • East Tennessee State University

Celebrating 10 Years of Excellence

The 10th anniversary of the center gives us a chance to review what the center has accomplished and announce what we hope to do in the next 10 years. Thresholds mark opportunities for reflection and vision, poised between tradition and infinite possibility. In our 10th anniversary issue of *Now & Then* magazine, we call attention to all those who helped bring this center into existence, guided it through 10 years of excellent work, and continue to keep the multiple programs of the center humming on a day-to-day basis. We thought you might enjoy hearing about the center's history, sharing in our success stories, knowing our needs, and meeting the people who give the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services its good reputation.

As director of the center for only little more than a year, I want to thank all those who have made my job easier, all those who worked for 10 years to give me "bragging rights" when I represent the center to our various constituencies. I can point with pride to the research this center has fostered and funded, to programs that have added immeasurably to the intellectual life of our region, to cultural programs that conserve and enrich the region's heritage, to public service that has enhanced quality of life in Appalachia. These are established traditions in the center from all those who have been committed to this center's work for the past 10 years. I am the lucky recipient of their hard work, entrusted to carry forward on their commitment.

Celebrating 10 years gives us the luxury of wearing our laurels, but not resting on them. As with any entity that enjoys the support of tax dollars and private donations, you have the right to ask, "What have you done for us lately?" and "Where do you go from here?" We have spent the last year thinking about and plotting these future directions. This newsletter marks one of our new directions. This newsletter combines news of the center and its two divisions, the Archives of Appalachia and the Reece Museum. It will help keep you informed of what we're doing lately and where we're headed. Other changes you will see in this newsletter are new levels of membership in the center, combined with new services for our members. If you become a member of the center, we now offer you three issues of *Now & Then* magazine, four issues of our newsletter, and special member rates or discounts on programs, publications, and other opportunities offered through the center.

We need your support for our programs now more than ever. Shrinking dollars for higher education mean that the public-private partnership is vital to maintaining the quality and reach of our programs. When you become a member of the center and support any of our programs, you are making a valuable contribution to preserving Appalachia's heritage and promoting the region's future. If you love this region, it's one of the best investments you can make.

In this anniversary year, the center is proud to announce our new advisory council, composed of regional and national leaders, who will help chart our course for the next few years. We are also excited by the prospect of expanding our instructional programs, not only in the Appalachian Studies minor at ETSU, but with projected programs in museum studies and archival training, increased offerings in country and bluegrass music, and continuing education courses on all aspects of Appalachian life. We will increase our international visibility through our present exchange program with the University of Edinburgh in Scotland and new international initiatives.

continued on p. 2

NOTICE TO OUR READERS:

Beginning with this issue, *NEWS/CASS* will serve as the joint newsletter for the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, the Archives and Special Collections department of the Sherrod Library, and the Carroll Reece Museum. This replaces the individual newsletters you have come to expect. *NEWS/CASS* will appear four times per year and will be distributed to everyone on the membership lists of the three units.

Archives & Special Collections
A Division of Sherrod Library

CASS Fellowships Support a Variety of Projects

Benefiting and elucidating Southern Appalachia, the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services Fellowships supported a variety of projects during the 1993-1994 academic year, from a photographic essay on Christmas celebrations to a study of family violence in the region. All told, the center awarded approximately $12,000 in fellowships to eight projects.

Mike Smith, on the faculty of East Tennessee State University's (ETSU) Art department, produced a portfolio of 30 striking color photographs depicting the contemporary celebration of Christmas in Northeast Tennessee, from yard decorations to community parades. Photographs from this project were included in "Windows on Tennessee," a traveling exhibit of five Tennessee photographers' work shown from Memphis to Knoxville, in addition to a recent stay at the center's Reece Museum at ETSU. Hoping to prove or disprove recent studies suggesting that relatively high rates of family violence characterize Appalachia, ETSU sociologist **Peggy Cantrell** is currently analyzing data she collected from parents about the incidence of violence in the home as well as their attitudes towards physical punishment techniques. She plans to present her findings at an upcoming national conference and eventually to publish them.

Larry Smith, ETSU University Relations

1993-94 center fellowship recipients gather at ETSU, left to right, back row: Margaret Brown, Robert J. Higgs, Margaret Ripley Wolfe, Peggy Cantrell, Margaret Gregg; front row: Colin Baxter, center director Jean Speer, Michael Smith. Not pictured: Gary Burkett.

ETSU history professor **Colin Baxter** used his support to enable Appalachian musician Betty Smith and playwright Jo Carson to speak to a new ETSU course in local history resources and methods. Fellowship funds enabled **Margaret Brown**, a doctoral student in history at the University of Kentucky, to travel to the Archives of Appalachia to do research for her dissertation. Her dissertation is an environmental history of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, a study examining the attitudes of local people, tourists, developers, rangers, environmentalists, and politicians toward the land, the ways in which the land has been used, and the dynamics of the natural ecosystem.

Director of the ETSU Family Medicine Department's Research Division, **Gary Burkett** is directing an interdisciplinary team exploring the concrete ways in which people's experience of health and illness is shaped by culture in a rural Appalachian community. The research will eventually be developed into a manuscript. Center support paid for travel expenses. **Margaret Gregg,** a Jonesborough, Tenn., artist, headed up yet another interdisciplinary effort. Together with medical anthropologist Pamela Zahorik and psychologist Steven Giles, she conducted an art therapy project in a Greene County (Tenn.) elementary school designed to use expressive art techniques to assist children suffering from the discovery of illegal hazardous waste dumps in the county.

Finally, English faculty members **Robert J. (Jack) Higgs** and **Roberta Herrin** received support for an innovative lecture series entitled "Appalachian Literature and World Classics, A Comparative Approach." Offered both to ETSU students for course credit as well as open to the public, the lectures pointed out the connections and parallels between Appalachian literature and that of other cultures. **Margaret Ripley Wolfe,** ETSU history professor, used her center fellowship to help with the oral history component of her current book project. She is doing the research which she hopes to publish in a study focusing on individuals who migrated from Fentress County, Tenn., to Muncie, Ind., from the 1920s to the 1960s.

Excellence, continued from p. 1

We plan to continue and enhance the center's leadership in providing information, educational, and cultural programs about Appalachia for local and national media, community groups, public schools, government agencies, health care professionals, and the host of others who call on us for assistance. The center will also continue to foster important scholarship about the region, inviting research fellows to study and work with us, seeking grant funding for research projects, and finding ways to make research serve the needs of Appalachian communities. We will bring regional issues to the attention of wider and wider audiences through *Now & Then* magazine, a projected radio magazine series, books, articles, and presentations by members of the center, artistic projects, and colloquia and conferences that bring together scholars, students, community residents, and others who are interested in understanding and promoting Appalachia.

Please become a member of the center, join the Friends of the Reece Museum, contribute to any of our programs outlined in this newsletter, volunteer to work with us in projects of interest to you. Your support for the center is the best anniversary gift we will receive.

— Jean Haskell Speer, director

Selected Recent Acquisitions

ALEXANDER BONNYMAN COLLECTION

c. 1908-11 and undated.
Consists of four ledgers owned by Bonnyman in his capacity as engineer for the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroad. Includes photographs, blueprints, and maps of the railroad's bridges and terminals, and photographs of line construction, bridges, trestles, and personnel. Donated by Isabel Bonnyman Stanley, Department of English, ETSU.

APPALACHIAN-SCOTTISH STUDIES COLLECTION

1991-93. Three linear feet. ADDITIONS.
Consists of two books and miscellaneous printed documents on Scotland and the studies program; 15 audio recordings of ballads, songs, and folktales from the School of Scottish Studies, Edinburgh, Scotland; 11 audio recordings of lectures and performances associated with the 1993 Appalachian-Scottish Studies program held in Edinburgh; copy of course packet; one issue of the School for Scottish Studies publication, *The Carrying Stream*; three volumes of *Tocher* (1991-92); four audio recordings of Stanley Robertson performing at ETSU, October 3-4, 1993. Donated by Thomas Burton, Department of English, and the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, ETSU.

BURTON-MANNING COLLECTION

undated. ADDITION.
Consists of five reel-to-reel audio recordings of Child ballads and seven video recordings of interviews with authors, including Jesse Stuart and Arthur Clarke. Donated by Thomas Burton, Department of English, ETSU.

BURTON-SCHRADER COLLECTION

undated.
Consists of 13 reels of 16mm film taken by Burton and Schrader on various subjects, including Ray, Buna, and Bertha Hicks; Alex Stewart; and serpent-handling in religious services. Donated by Thomas Burton, Department of English, and Jack Schrader, Department of Art, ETSU.

THOMAS G. BURTON COLLECTION

1976, 1983-84, 1988-93. .5 linear feet. ADDITIONS.
Consists of a copy of 1976 master's thesis by J. Kenneth Moore, "The Music of the Snake Handlers of Southern West Virginia"; 35mm photographs of Ray Hicks, folk crafts, and other folk artists; clippings related to "Old Butler" and the Watauga Lake drawdown in 1983; two VHS tapes and a 3/4" tape of snake handling in Jolo, W. Va.; one folder of clippings on snake-handling. Donated by Thomas Burton, Department of English, ETSU.

BUTLER PROJECT COLLECTION

1983-84. One audio cassette and 101 slides.
Material relates to the drawdown of Watauga Lake in 1983 and reminiscences about the former Butler, Tenn. Donated by Bruce Coleman.

CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES RECORDS

1991-93. Four linear feet. ADDITION.
Consists of finished and rough drafts of articles and layouts for *Now & Then* magazine and correspondence with contributors. Donated by Pat Arnow, CASS, ETSU.

CITY OF JOHNSON CITY RECORDS

1968-91. 600 audio recordings and four linear feet. ADDITION.
Consists of ordinances approved by the city commission, as well as recordings of city commission meetings, budget hearings, show cause hearings, student government activities, and special city meetings. Donated by Vicky Hames, City of Johnson City, Tenn.

TENNESSEE COMMITTEE ON OCCUPATIONAL SAFETY AND HEALTH RECORDS

1977-92. 10 linear feet.
Consists of materials related to the committee's work, including efforts to secure a safe workplace, to help worker's determine causes of illnesses believed to be work-related, to investigate chemical hazards, and to push for a state right-to-know law. An addition of one folder contains correspondence and newsletters. Donated by Norma Jennings, Maryville, Tenn.

JUNE ROSTAN PAPERS

1977-82. 1.25 linear feet.
Materials relate to Rostan's work with the Highlander Center, the Southern Empowerment Project, and the Coal Employment Project and includes correspondence, GED course materials, articles on labor issues, and union promotional materials. An addition of one folder contains documents regarding Rostan's activities with the Tennessee Committee on Occupational Safety and Health and the Coal Employment Project. Donated by June Rostan, Southern Empowerment Project, Maryville, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS DONATIONS

The archives thanks the following individuals for donations of materials to the archives: Ed Speer, Flora Joy, Jerry W. Nagel, Helen Roseberry, James Scott, and McBerney Burleson.

Folklore Studies and the Archives

Folklore: "the beliefs, legends, and customs, current among the common people"
— Oxford English Dictionary

Material for the study of Southern Appalachian folklore is one of the strengths of the Archives of Appalachia. Whether one is researching the culture and history of the region, customs and superstitions of the people, arts and crafts, music and recreation, religious beliefs and practices, or many other topics related to the folk life and lore of the area, one will find important collections for research use. Material is as varied as the possible topics and the possibilities of the people themselves and includes, in addition to manuscript sources, audio and video recordings, photographs, periodicals, vertical file ephemera, and monographs. The listings below give some indication of materials useful for folklore research.

Please note that restrictions on duplication of recordings or photographs apply to those collections designated as being "restricted." In some cases this means that permission to copy must be granted by the donor. In other cases, copying may be prohibited due to the condition of the material, special donor restrictions, or by copyright law. Contact the archives for the nature of the restrictions on a particular collection. Certain audio and video recordings in the archives are available for loan to researchers at a nominal charge to cover duplication expenses. Please contact the archives' staff for a listing of such titles or for further information regarding individual collections.

Selected Collections

Manuscript Collections

Accession 25 Burton-Manning Collection
Consists of nearly 400 audio and/or video recordings related to the folklore and culture of the region, including folk music, religious worship, storytelling, and oral narratives of family and Appalachian history. *RESTRICTED.*

Accession 28 Broadside Television Collection
Collection includes videotape documentaries on a variety of Appalachian topics, including regional politics, environmental issues, economic development, traditional arts and crafts, and religion.

Accession 30 John A. Jones Almanac Collection
Consists of nearly 100 almanacs (1849-1929) produced by a variety of companies and touching on such topics as farming, health, patent medicines, and literature.

Accession 69 Charles R. Gunter, Jr. Collection
Consists of audio recordings of interviews conducted with residents of the region regarding such topics as midwifery, farming, musical instrument making, and horse trading.

Accession 104 Charles Faulkner Bryan Collection
Includes papers on folklore and folk music, such as Bryan's own "Bell Witch Cantata."

Accession 111 Richard Blaustein Collection
Includes photographs, recordings, clippings, and correspondence related to the study and teaching of the history of country music (1945-1981). *RESTRICTED.*

Accession 134 Barbara McDermitt Collection
Contains audio recordings, photographs, and field trip reports related to McDermitt's research on Appalachian and Scottish storytellers. Includes storytellers Ray and Stanley Hicks, Frank Proffitt, Jr., and Hattie Presnell.

Accession 160 Thomas G. Burton Collection
Contains personal papers, photographs, and audio/video tapes related to serpent-handling, Jack tales, folk music and medicine, food preservation, and storytelling. *RESTRICTED.*

Accession 227 Burton-Headley Tapes
Consists of audio/video tapes related to serpent-handling and to violence in the South. *RESTRICTED.*

Selected Collections continued

Accession 259 Nat E. Hyder Papers
Includes account books of medical services Hyder provided in late 19th century Carter Co., TN, with information on folk medicine and home remedies.

Accession 304 David Larry Nave Collection
Consists of video recordings, slides, and manuscript material related to old-time country music performers E. C. and Orna Ball and to Willard and Ora Watson discussing toy making and quilting.

Accession 326 Appalachian-Scottish Studies Collection
The Studies program attempts to link the culture of the Appalachian region with Scotland, the Scots, and the Scotch-Irish who helped settle the area. Shared traditions of folklore, storytelling, dance, music, and other aspects of cultural life are examined during the annual summer programs. Material includes lectures, student research papers, audio and video recordings of Studies' presentations, photographs, and miscellaneous printed matter. *RESTRICTED.*

Accession 347 Barnicle-Cadle Collection
Nearly 600 recordings of folk music and culture, including spirituals, folk tunes, sermons, bawdy, and political songs gathered between the 1930s-1950s. *RESTRICTED.*

Accession 411 Helen Bullard Collection
Consists of microfilmed copy of Bullard materials on doll-making and folk art housed at the Tennessee State Library and Archives.

Appalachian Photographic Archive

In addition to photographs in individual manuscript collections, the department also has extensive prints and negatives related to various subjects. These include folklore, folk dancing, handicrafts, manners and customs, music and musical instruments, religion, and other related topics.

Appalachian Vertical File

These files contain clippings, pamphlets, and other printed ephemera related to many folklore topics, including folk art, folk dancing, folk drama, folk medicine, folk music, folk songs, manners and customs, and the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild.

Publications

The Appalachian Publications Vertical Files contain several periodicals related to the study of folklore, including *Folk Art News, Folklore Newsletter, Kentucky Folklore Record, North Carolina Folklore Journal, Now and Then, Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, Virginia Folklore Society.*

Special Collections

This collection of monographs includes many titles related to the subject of folklore. Please consult the collection's author/title/subject indexes for specific listings.

Staff News

NORMA MYERS, director of the archives, edited the 1994 issue of the *Journal of the Appalachian Studies Association* titled "Appalachian Adaptations to a Changing World."

MARIE TEDESCO, technical services archivist, became a member of the Appalachian Consortium Publications Committee. During the spring semester, Tedesco has been teaching a course on the history of the Southern Appalachian region.

NED IRWIN, public services archivist, joined the archives staff in February. In this position he will provide public reference service in the archives and assist the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services with special projects. A native of Jonesborough, Tenn., he holds degrees from ETSU and the University of Tennessee and is a certified archivist. Prior to joing ETSU he was special collections librarian/archivist in the Chattanooga-Hamilton County Bicentennial Library.

Myers, Tedesco, and Irwin attended the Appalachian Studies Conference in Blacksburg, Va., in March.

Correction

The fall 1993 archives' newsletter should have listed the entire Joseph S. Hall family as donors of the Joesph S. Hall Papers rather than just Helen Hall. We apologize for the oversight.

Carroll Reece Museum

NOTES

Many of our readers and visitors are probably aware of a small symbol displayed at the museum and on publications such as our newsletter. This "logo" is designed from the letters AAM, and is the logo of the American Association of Museums. All member museums are permitted to display the AAM logo. Museums accredited by AAM may display the logo with the words "Accredited by the American Association of Museums," appearing just to the right of the AAM design. As an accredited member of AAM, the Reece displays this logo. Accredited AAM museums are museums that have undergone a rigid evaluation process.

Accredited by the American Association of Museums

The Reece Museum first gained AAM accreditation in 1973 and was reaccredited in 1984. Currently, the staff is working to complete a self-study program, the beginning step in the process of gaining another 10-year period of accreditation. After the completion of the self-study, museum professionals selected by AAM will conduct an on-site visit and review all aspects of the museum operations and record-keeping. The staff of the Reece is proud that our museum is one of only a dozen in Tennessee to hold the American Association of Museums accreditation.

CARROLL REECE MUSEUM

JULY

The spring newsletter contained information about the Tennessee Association of Craft Artists and the biennial exhibition, "The Best of Tennessee Crafts ", currently on display in the Reece galleries. The exhibit pieces were selected in March, and the show opened April 23 at the Parthenon Gallery in Centennial Park, Nashville, Tenn. Juror Joan Ferrell, founder and director of the Ferrell Collection, a gallery of contemporary crafts in Washington, D.C., selected 92 works from the 321 pieces of work entered. These works represent 74 Tennessee craft artists and demonstrate a full palette of craft media —cornshucks, fiber, clay, metals, and wood, as well as printmaking and photography.

This month offers an excellent opportunity to explore the magic of watercolor painting. Staff member Nancy Jane Earnest offers a one-day workshop, "Watercolor — Pure and Simple," in this ever-popular medium. Designed to help participants capture the spontaneous and luminous quality of the medium, the workshop will be a positive and enlightening experience for all. Gather your brushes and spend a day learning to "go with the flow."

Nancy Jane Earnest, instructor

Monday, July 4
Museum closed for Independence Day holiday.

Saturday, July 23, 9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Watercolor workshop, Nancy Jane Earnest, Instructor.

Sunday, July 31
"The Best of Tennessee Crafts" closes in Galleries A, C, and D.

AUGUST

On Saturday evening, August 13, the Reece will host a reception in honor of the family, friends, neighbors, business partners, and clients of the late Alfred H. Abernethy —"Abby" —who pioneered contemporary architecture in Johnson City and the Northeast Tennessee/Southwest Virginia region. Monuments to his work include residences, schools, banks, and churches throughout the region he called home since his youth.

The reception will officially open an exhibit highlighting architecture, the mother art, focusing on the life and work of Johnson City's own Alfred H. Abernethy. All three galleries will be utilized in the first attempt by the Reece to explore perhaps the most viewed of all art forms.

Born in Bluefield, W. Va., in 1906, "Abby" produced architectural designs far ahead of his time. The family residence he designed between 1942 and 1951 —contemporary by today's standards, 43 years after its completion — serves to illustrate that point. Our exhibit will include his architectural renderings and photographs of his structures, inventions he produced for his family and friends, and an assortment of biographical and professional documents, as well as personal writings and photographs.

This project will include several public programs you will want to attend. A complete calendar of events will be released as the exhibit opens.

Alfred Abernethy residence—Johnson City, Tenn.

Wednesday, August 10
"'Abby': In Praise of the Architecture of Alfred H. Abernethy" opens in Galleries A, C, and D.

Saturday, August 13, 3:00 p.m.
Opening reception for "'Abby': In Praise of the Architecture of Alfred H. Abernethy."

SEPTEMBER

With the beginning of the fall semester comes the return of the monthly programs "Lunch Break at the Reece " and "Artists in Action." For those newest readers of the newsletter, and as a refresher to other readers, Lunch Break provides the visitor with an occasion to enjoy lunch and an hour of entertainment at noon on the third Thursday of each month. Artists in Action affords visitors an opportunity to watch an artist demonstrate the techniques and processes used in the development of his/her particular art form. Artists in Action takes place on the second Tuesday of the month from 10:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m.

This month T.N. Garland brings his unique gourd dulcimers and other instruments to perform traditional Appalachian music for Lunch Break. Garland is well-known as both a musician and instrument maker, and one of his gourd dulcimers is included in the museum's permanent collection.

Artists in Action features Bill Nickels demonstrating the techniques employed to produce the "View From West Poplar Street" series. One of Nickels' paintings received an Award of Merit in the recent First Tennessee Bank Art Show Competition.

September also marks the return of the after-school arts program, ARTSPLORATION. Anne Reid and Kathy Deakins return with an exciting array of art activities designed to explore the creative talents of young people who want to further expand their art experience. These classes fill quickly — be sure and reserve space for your child.

Monday, September 5
Museum closed for the Labor Day holiday.

Tuesdays, September 6, 13, 20, and 27, 3:30 - 5:00 p.m.
ARTSPLORATION for grades 1 - 3, Anne Reid, Instructor.

Thursdays, September 8, 15, 22, and 29, 3:30 - 5:00 p.m.
ARTSPLORATION for grades 4 - 6, Kathy Deakins, Instructor.

Tuesday, September 13, 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.
ARTISTS IN ACTION featuring Bill Nickels demonstrating symbolic landscape painting.

Thursday, September 15, noon
LUNCH BREAK AT THE REECE featuring T.N. Garland performing traditional music on dulcimer.

Friends of Reece Museum

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Carolyn Gouge in loving memory
of Kathleen "Sally" Welford

VOLUNTEERS

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Fred Borchuck, Johnson City
Tim Dills, Johnson City
Harriet Masters, Johnson City
Rhonda McNalley, ETSU
John Neal, Johnson City
Louise Palmer, Johnson City
Fred Sauceman, Johnson City
Daniel Whisenhunt, Johnson City

MUSEUM STAFF

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Margaret S. Carr, registrar
Nancy Jane Earnest, slide curator
Sarah B. Hankins, secretary
Harold F. Stewart, Sr.,
installation supervisor
Blair H. White, curator

STUDENT ASSISTANTS

Tyrone Akridge, reception
Steven Alexander, workshop
Carey Butler, photography
Tammy Hopkins, cataloging
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FORM

Memberships in the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services

Membership in the center provides public recognition of your generosity and your support for our work in the Appalachian region. No matter what size the investment, a contribution to the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services through memberships brings important returns. Consider how your assistance helps us and you.

- Memberships help us conduct the center's multiple programs in teaching, research, and service in the Appalachian region.
- Memberships provide vital support for center projects.
- Members receive the center's quarterly newsletter, *News/CASS*, and notice of special center events.
- Members receive three issues a year of the center's magazine, *Now & Then*, to keep you abreast of Appalachian issues and the best in Appalachian writing and photography.
- Members receive special member rates and discounts on books, recordings, and other publications or productions, study tours, study abroad, conferences, and programs.
- Members have opportunities for participating in center projects as volunteers.

Center Membership

❑ **CASS Student Associates** (for undergraduate or graduate students)	**$10**
❑ **CASS Friends**	**$15**
❑ **CASS Institutional Affiliates** (libraries, etc.)	**$20**
❑ **CASS Contributors**	**$25**
❑ **CASS Associates**	**$50**
❑ **CASS Partners**	**$100**
❑ **CASS Patrons**	**$250** or more
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Membership dues are paid on annual basis. Gifts of any size are valued. In addition to your membership, there are many other ways to contribute to the center: Scholarships • Fellowships • Memorials & Honor Gifts • Gift Memberships • In-kind and Special Gifts • Employee Matching Gifts • Bequests by Will • Retirement Plans and IRAs • Gifts of Stocks • Gifts of Archival Value, Art, Historical Artifacts

Friends of the center are also encouraged to support specific programs with special funds already established for them, including the Appalachian Studies curriculum, the Appalachian-Scottish Studies program, the program in Country and Bluegrass Music, the Archives of Appalachia Fund, and the Tom Daniels Memorial Fund (for media projects in the archives).

YES! I'd like to make an additional contribution of $_____ to:

- ❑ Appalachian Studies Curriculum
- ❑ Appalachian-Scottish Studies
- ❑ Country and Bluegrass Music
- ❑ Archives of Appalachia Fund
- ❑ Tom Daniels Memorial Fund
- ❑ Reece Museum Fund

In addition to membership in the Center, you are invited to join Friends of the Reece Museum or FORM.

FORM members assist the museum with acquisition of art works and historic materials, volunteer time, and resources to assist in the museum's educational programs, fund activities that enhance interchange among visitors, artists, and exhibitors, and enlist the support of others for the museum. Members are invited to all FORM meetings, receive the center newsletter, and member rates on programs, study tours, and other activities of the museum.

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❑ FORM Student	$2.50
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East Tennessee State University
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The Center for Appalachian Studies and Services Advisory Council

For several years the center has benefited from the advice and support of a group of university faculty and staff who served as the CASS Advisory Council. To help guide the center into its second decade, the board has been reorganized as an advisory council and enlarged to include students and local, regional, and national leaders, in addition to faculty and staff members.

The advisory council will meet formally twice a year and be in less formal contact on a regular basis to offer advice to the center on goals, projects, funding and programmatic opportunities, and other issues of concern to the center and to the Appalachian region. The advisory council will help the center maintain its record of excellence.

Susan Antkiewicz represents the Friends of the Reece Museum on the CASS Advisory Council.
Marilou Awiakta is a poet and author whose books are about her Cherokee, Appalachian, and scientific heritage.
Colin Baxter is professor of history at ETSU specializing in military history.
Jeffrey H. Benedict is a partner with the law firm of Baker, Worthington, Crossley, Stansberry & Woolf in Johnson City.
Richard Blaustein is professor of sociology and anthropology at ETSU and senior research fellow of the center. He was director of the center from 1983 to 1992.
Gary L. Burkett is sociologist in the department of family medicine at ETSU.
J. Wallace Coffey is the marketing director of the *Bristol (Va.) Herald Courier*.
Susan Cooper is a Newbery Medal winning author and screenwriter whose work includes the TV films *Foxfire*, and (with Hume Cronyn) *The Dollmaker*.
W. Eugene Cox is chief of interpretation and visitor services at Great Smoky Mountains National Park.
Doug Dotterweich, associate professor in economics and finance at ETSU, publishes economic fact sheets for Northeast Tennessee and Southwest Virginia.
Wilma Dykeman has published 16 fiction and nonfiction books including the acclaimed novels, *The Tall Woman* and *Return the Innocent Earth*.
Gary Everhardt is the superintendent of the Blue Ridge Parkway.
Darwin A. (Tony) Galloway is a social studies teacher at Dobyns-Bennett High School, Kingsport, Tenn., and associate director of the Governor's School for Tennessee Heritage.
Lucy Kennerly Gump is a historian researching 18th century East Tennessee lifeways.
John Hartford is a renowned musician living in Madison, Tenn.
Robert J. Higgs, retired professor of English at ETSU, is the co-editor of *Voices from the Hills* and its sequel *Appalachia Inside Out* forthcoming from University of Tennessee Press.
Liesa Jo Jenkins is a liaison for Kingsport Tomorrow.
John L. Kiener has been a general sessions judge in Washington County, Tenn., since 1980.
Bill Kovach, a graduate of ETSU, is curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University.
Michael E. McGuire is assistant commissioner of the division of community development in the department of economic and community development for the state of Tennessee.
Penny McLaughlin is director of Tipton-Haynes Historic Site in Johnson City.
Rudolph Miller is an associate professor in curriculum and instruction at ETSU.
John Morefield teaches creative writing at ETSU and has been an apple farmer and a banjo player in a bluegrass band.
Philip T. Noblitt works for the National Park Service as staff interpretive specialist for the Blue Ridge Parkway.
D.J. Roberts-Jessee owns the advertising, marketing, and public relations firm of Roberts and Associates. She is president of Volunteer Center, Inc.
Carol Gardner Transou retired in 1992 after teaching for 30 years in the Johnson City school system. She was Tennessee teacher of the year in 1987 and named by the National Endowment for the Humanities as Tennessee's first teacher-scholar in 1989-90.
Greg Wallace is a special projects producer at WCYB television in Bristol, Tenn. His "Project: Family" series has won numerous awards including the prestigious Douglas Southall Freeman Award for outstanding public service.
Tim White is a commercial artist and sign painter operating White Sign Company and a noted bluegrass musician.
Wayne Winkler is manager of WETS-FM, the public radio station that serves Johnson City and surrounding areas.
Pamela Zahorik is a medical anthropologist working with the department of family medicine at ETSU.

Now & Then Fiction and Poetry

A fiction and poetry contest intended to bolster the region's creative output did just that. *Now & Then* magazine's Appalachian Writing Contest drew 261 entries in poetry and fiction this spring.

The contest was funded in part by the Tennessee Arts Commission and the Johnson City Area Arts Council through an Arts Builds Community grant. The First Bank and Trust Co., Abingdon, Va., sponsored the $500 first prize in fiction. Overmountain Press, Johnson City, Tenn., sponsored the $250 second prize in fiction. The *Johnson City Press* helped support the $250 second prize in poetry with a $100 contribution. The *Bristol Herald Courier* underwrote the $100 third prize in fiction. The *Kingsport Times-News* supported the $100 third prize in poetry.

Gurney Norman and George Ella Lyon, both writers and teachers in Lexington, Ky., donated their services as finals' judges. Prizewinning entries, listings of those who won honorable mentions, and further details about the contest entries and judging appear in the summer 1994 issue of *Now & Then*.

News/CASS

The Newsletter of
the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services
East Tennessee State University

WITH NEWS FROM . . .

Archives &
Special Collections
A Division of Sherrod Library

CARROLL REECE MUSEUM

Center: 615-929-5348 FAX: 615-929-5348
Archives of Appalachia: 615-929-4338 Box 70665
Reece Museum: 615-929-4392 Box 70660

East Tennessee State University is fully in accord with the belief that educational and employment opportunities should be available to all eligible persons without regard to age, sex, color, race, religion, national origin or disability. TBR No. 220-064-93 8.5M

Jean Redpath to Perform at ETSU

Since Jean Redpath's involvement in the 1960s Greenwich Village folk scene, where she shared her first hootenanny with Bob Dylan, the folk singer has gained renown by interpreting and preserving Scottish folk songs.

Redpath will be joining Appalachian performers for a concert that will be the showpiece of the Appalachian-Scottish Studies Summer Program at ETSU July 30. The program, which alternates between ETSU and Edinburgh, Scotland, is headed by professor of English Thomas Burton and supported by the center.

Appalachian performers at the event include storyteller Ray Hicks, traditional mountain singer Frank Proffitt, and local piper Scott McCloud.

The program is funded with special assistance from Charles O. Gordon, the Appalachian-Scottish Studies Board, the St. Andrew's Society, and the Scottish Society of Knoxville, and other individual contributors. Proceeds of the concert will provide scholarships, lecturers and other activities of the program.

The concert begins at 8 p.m. in the D.P. Culp University Center Auditorium. For more information call CASS at 929-5348.

—Marty Edwards

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Please forward

Archives of Appalachia

Researchers interested in the history, culture, and social issues of Appalachia come from all over the United States and from other countries to use materials in the Archives of Appalachia. The archives, established at ETSU in 1978, holds approximately five million manuscripts, including the personal papers of families and individuals and the institutional records of businesses and organizations in Southern Appalachia. The archives also maintains a photographic collection with nearly a quarter of a million images and an oral history and folklore collection of over 4,500 sound and moving image recordings. These materials are supplemented by a special collection of regional books and other publications.

Helping to shed light on Appalachia's economic development are the Archives' records of regional retail, transportation, and manufacturing industries. For example, railroad records — including those of the Carolina, Clinchfield, and Ohio Railway and the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad — document the major role of railroads in the industrial transformation of the region in the early 20th century. The perspectives of labor are documented in such collections as the local records of the Communication Workers of America, International Woodworkers of America, and the Pittston Coal Company strike.

Collections related to grass-roots and self-help organizations document attempts to improve quality of life in the region. Among the groups represented in the Archives' collections are the Coal Employment Project, the Congress for Appalachian Development, the Council on Appalachian Women, and Tennesseans Against Chemical Hazards.

The archives' media collection resulted from scholars' efforts to record and preserve the folklore, music, and customs of Appalachia. The Thomas Burton-Ambrose Manning Collection consists of field notes and over 150 recordings of performances and interviews conducted in East Tennessee and Western North Carolina. Spanning the period from 1935 to 1950, the Barnicle-Cadle collection contains an extraordinary set of recordings of artists such as Leadbelly, Sara Ogan Gunning, and Sonny Terry. These recordings were made by Mary Elizabeth Barnicle, a folklorist, and Tillman Cadle, a miner and union organizer.

Among the photographic holdings are family pictures, landscapes, news photographs, and the works of several photographers. Tennessee native Kenneth Murray concentrates on scenic beauty and rural life in East Tennessee, Southwest Virginia, and Western North Carolina. The Jeanne Rasmussen Collection is a rich record of coalfield life in the 1960s. The archives' collection also includes the work of notable photographers Clifford Maxwell and Burr Harrison.

Norma Myers

Publicity about the television show "Christy" reminded Norma Myers of reading the Catherine Marshall novel on which the drama is based about a missionary-teacher in the Southern mountains. It was a story that Myers and a friend discovered in junior high. "We just thought it was wonderful, but we thought we were Christy. We didn't connect us as being the people who lived in the area where Christy came to save, but rather, we could go up to the coalfields." Now, as the head of the Archives of Appalachia at ETSU, Myers finds the television program (which she hasn't "had the heart to watch") provides an ironic reminder that the perception from the outside has not generally been the same as hers when she was growing up in an East Tennessee town.

A Johnson City native, Myers became interested in regional issues from working in the archives. When she was studying for a master's degree at ETSU specializing in Latin American history she worked as a graduate assistant in the archives. She became the first person hired — as technical services archivist — when the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services came into existence in 1984. In this new position she inventoried, indexed, and prepared materials for use by researchers and for long-term storage.

She also began working at the University of Tennessee toward another master's degree, in library science. As she was finishing up, the head of the archives took another job, and Myers took over.

Jim Sledge, University relations, ETSU

Archives staff, left to right: Norma Myers, Ed Speer, Georgia Greer, Ned Irwin, and Marie Tedesco.

As she learned more about the field of Appalachian Studies, she found her personal experience didn't always correspond with studies of the region. "If I read studies about what Appalachian families are supposed to be like and look at mine, I don't see much correlation there. I guess I'm not convinced the region is that peculiar. There's a lot of things (here) that are rural, a lot of things that are southern, a lot of things that aren't so specifically different," she said.

She agreed with scholars such as Richard Blaustein, who believes that Appalachia has always been more diverse and in tune with the larger American culture than it is generally perceived.

The archives provides one way for scholars to find out about the reality of life in the past. Scholars from many universities in the region, around the country and around the world (including Italy, Australia, France, and Scotland) have used the resources at ETSU.

It is the sort of studies scholars undertake — and the more modest and personal ones — that make the archives important, Myers believes. "Students use it for term papers, and, even though their work may never be published or seen again, it's important for them to use the archives and know how to use original source materials." Genealogists also use the records to trace family histories.

Myers has ambitions for the Archives of Appalachia. "I'd like to see us come up to speed technologically, to have our finding aids on Internet and on an on-line catalog. I would like to see an endowment so we could purchase books with the interest. I'd like to have a media person and a multimedia station because we have a lot of photographs, film, audio and videotape. These things, or clips at least, could be accessed in different formats."

With these kinds of projects, Myers can help keep the Archives of Appalachia in the mainstream — a place where much of Appalachia has always been.

— Pat Arnow

Georgia Greer

Georgia Greer, secretary of the Archives of Appalachia, is usually the first person that the researcher sees when visiting the archives. She enjoys working with the collections in the archives, but her main duties include answering the telephone, filing, and typing correspondence, inventories, speeches, papers, and grant proposals.

She asserts that the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, which includes the archives, is an important part of the campus. "I think many people think of Appalachians as hillbillies living in one-room shacks and going barefoot," she said. She believes the work the center does helps put an end to that stereotype by informing people outside of Appalachia what really goes on in the region.

Greer was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., and has lived all but 13 years in this area. During her time away she lived in the Appalachian areas of Georgia and Virginia.

Georgia Greer holds a B.S. degree in secretarial management from ETSU. She and her husband, Andrew, have two grown children, Dawn and Jeff.

—Brian Smith

Marie Tedesco

A historian, Marie Tesedco came to ETSU as an archivist in 1985 and became fascinated by her new home. "Before I came here I didn't have any acquaintance with Appalachian history," she said. That soon changed as she studied the literature of the region and the materials in the archives. She now teaches a course on the history of Southern Appalachia.

Tedesco has delved deeply into two areas of the region's history. The rayon factories in nearby Elizabethton have provided a rich resource for an investigation of the history of business and labor in Appalachia. These plants located in the region for cheap non-union labor in the early part of the century. Tedesco has looked into the organizing efforts and the effects of a bitter strike in 1929.

Another area she has studied extensively is the history of the Appalachian League. This was once a group of independent minor league baseball teams in Southwest Virginia, East Tennessee, and Western North Carolina. Today, like other minor league teams in the U.S., the Appalachian League is a group of farm teams for the major leagues. Studying baseball is a labor of love for Tedesco, who counts herself a fan of the game.

For the future, Tedesco would like to do more teaching, and, in the archives, continue to help make archival materials available to people of the area and the campus.

Marie Tedesco has a Ph.D in history from Georgia State University, 1978. Her publications include an article on the rayon plants of Elizabethton printed in ***Locus****, 1989, and an article on the history of baseball printed in the* ***Journal of East Tennessee History,*** *1992.*

— Suzanne Reese

Ed Speer

Not many people would want to challenge Ed Speer to a casual game of Trivial Pursuit. He has too many facts packed away in his head from his day-to-day work. Speer, a library assistant assigned to the Archives of Appalachia, maintains the archives' special collections and the master index to the archives' collections (approximately 12,700 entries) and creates an index of in-house name authority records.

It is this last task that helps fill Speer's head with bits and pieces of information. "Those records are primarily proper name subjects. Each record gives you a brief biographical or historical sketch to identify a subject for which we have information in one or more manuscript collections, vertical file collections, etc.," he said. This index, created in 1991, is an ongoing project, as each new item acquired gets a record. Records for older acquisitions have to be completed also.

Speer also converts all the archives subject terms into Library of Congress format. "To give you the perfect Appalachian example, we can't use 'moonshining.' It's 'Distilling,' with a capital D, 'Illicit,' with a capital I," he said. The archives shares information about its collections through several national systems, including the National Union Catalog of Manuscript Collections (NUCMC), used primarily in the 1980s. The most recent national system in use is the On-line Computer Library Center, Inc. (OCLC). "Eventually all our Appalachian collections, our non-university collections, will be cataloged into OCLC. That's why these subject terms must be in proper Library of Congress format," Speer said. "That's an ongoing process. It never ends as long as we continue to acquire manuscript collections." Some of Speer's time is spent getting this information ready for cataloging.

Speer, who received a bachelor's degree in history from ETSU in 1977, has been at the archives since 1987. Prior to that he held a variety of jobs from tractor driver to National Park Service ranger to utility district manager. He's picked up most of what he's needed to know about his current position on the job. His interest in history has led him to pursue a master's degree at ETSU.

Speer thinks that it is no more important to study this region than it is to study any other region. He considers the term Appalachia to be a geographic term, not one which identifies a particular people, and he identifies himself as a hillbilly or southern mountaineer. "I think there is a lot of diversity within Appalachia, that we're not as homogeneous as some people may think. I would prefer to see more in-depth study of a smaller area rather than 'Appalachia' as a whole." He thinks that sometimes studies that may have had the intention of dispelling stereotypes may, instead, support them. "Any scholar involved in 'Appalachian Studies' needs to define his research project, then define the geographic area, and then look at the evidence and reach a conclusion based on the evidence regardless of any preconceived notions of what he thinks he is going to find. There is too much diversity in Appalachia just to say we are a unique cultural, political, or social area."

— Nancy Fischman and Brian Smith

NED IRWIN

Ned Irwin turned a love of history into a career, but it took him more than 10 years to work out just how to do that. Irwin is public services and special projects archivist with the Archives of Appalachia at East Tennessee State University. As an undergraduate at ETSU in the mid-1970s, "I had a double major in history and journalism, history because I love it and journalism to get a job," he said. "Then after I got the job I wasn't so sure I wanted it."

Irwin worked as a reporter and city editor, but became discouraged by the low pay and long commute from his home in Jonesborough. After a stint working at a bookstore, Irwin returned to school for a teaching certificate. He got a job teaching English at a local high school, but a budget crunch soon put him into the ranks of the unemployed. Irwin decided on a career change. "Teaching was too uncertain, and that's when I decided to go back and get my master's in library science at University of Tennessee and get into library and archival work," he said. "I thought it was an area that I would like to work in because there is a connection in special collections with history and historical materials and primary sources."

After graduating from UT in 1987, Irwin worked at the Chattanooga-Hamilton County Public Library as special collections librarian. He returned to ETSU this year. At the Archives of Appalachia Irwin answers reference questions by mail, telephone, or in person. Sometimes all a person wants is an orientation to the collections, while other inquiries are involved with actual research. "I just try to help clue them in as to possible materials we may have here that they can use, and then, if we don't have something that can help them, we try to suggest other places that they can try," he said.

Irwin works closely with several center projects. He edits the center's new quarterly newsletter and works with the public relations and publications committee of the center on 10th anniversary activities and other projects. He also is working with Director Jean Speer and Assistant Director Jane Woodside on a fourth-grade curriculum project for the Johnson City public schools in Appalachian Studies funded by a Tennessee Humanities Council grant. He will be determining how the archives can be used as a resource for teachers and students.

As a teacher Irwin found that Appalachia was not part of the curriculum. "It wasn't really structured in a way that allowed you to do that much," he said. "I think this fourth grade pilot project that we're talking about with the Johnson City schools, that's a step in the right direction. Later on, if it works, it could be expanded into other grades and maybe even into high school. It's important for the people who are native to the region to be reminded of their background. I think it would make them more positive about their background. For those who have moved here, it may allow them to be more appreciative of their new home."

The work the center does is important, Irwin feels. "Too often in the past we've neglected to appreciate the culture and history we have here. We all, I think, appreciate the pretty scenery and the mountains, but I think we forget the area has a rich culture and historical background. I think the center can play a large part in promoting that — getting the message out to parts of the country that may continue to see us as sort of backward. These days and times I think most of the country is becoming homogenized," he said. "People are losing their accents and they all dress alike and have the same hair styles, so it's important to keep that connection and not lose some of those traditions that we have."

Ned Irwin is a native of Jonesborough, Tenn. He lives with his wife, Amy, in Jonesborough.

— Nancy Fischman

Reece Museum

The Reece Museum houses artifacts related to the Southern Appalachians, as well as contemporary fine arts, folk arts, and crafts comprising three permanent exhibits and a collection of nearly 10,000 objects. Additional exhibitions and arts outreach programs for children, college students, and the general public contribute both to a better understanding of Appalachia's culture and to an appreciation of art.

Each year, The Reece Museum of the center brings to the community 15 to 20 temporary exhibitions, some featuring work by regionally, nationally, and internationally significant artists. Others focus on issues relevant to Appalachia as well as to the southeastern United States. Annual exhibits include "A Celebration of Black History" each February and an annual alumni exhibition each October.

The museum sponsors an annual art scholarship, the Deborah Jean Brightly Memorial Art Scholarship Competition. This competition, administered by the Friends of the Reece Museum (FORM), is open to persons in the region served by the Reece Museum needing financial support for college-level art education. FORM also funds the annual Paul Whitaker Awards. These awards are presented annually for outstanding drawing and photography selected to appear in the award-winning *Mockingbird,* ETSU's student literary/art publication.

An after-school program, Artsploration, is designed to supplement classroom art instruction for first through sixth grade students. Throughout the school year, the children study a variety of techniques and skills used to broaden their understanding and appreciation of the visual world.

Two programs are designed to introduce patrons to the museum and to regional visual and performing artists. Artists in Action brings artists and craftspeople from the region into the museum to demonstrate and discuss various techniques used in the production of works of art and craft items. Lunch Break at the Reece brings regional storytellers, musicians, poets, and playwrights to perform and discuss their work. And the Museum in the Schools and Community program provides museum professionals as speakers, demonstrators, and educators to supplement classroom instruction or as program presenters for interested community groups and organizations.

In an effort to expand access to a broad range of museum exhibits, The Friends of the Reece Museum sponsors study tours, giving patrons the opportunity to visit major art and historical exhibitions. Participants have traveled as far as Washington, D.C., and to Memphis, Tenn., to attend exhibits.

Established in 1931 as a collection of regional artifacts, the museum was expanded in 1965 and dedicated as the B. Carroll Reece Memorial Museum. In 1984 the Reece Museum began offering its services in association with the newly established Center for Appalachian Studies and Services.

Helen Roseberry

If pushed, Helen Roseberry will admit a preference for contemporary abstract art. Reflecting her taste are the pictures on the walls of her office in the back of the Reece Museum, among them a poster for a Judy Chicago exhibition. Yet Roseberry appreciates Appalachian art that includes folk art, documentary-style photos, and contemporary work that uses traditional techniques. That is how, as director of the Reece Museum, she can oversee the exhibitions of art from around the world and from her own backyard.

Jim Sledge, University relations, ETSU

Museum staff left to right, front row: Helen Roseberry, Blair White. Back row: Margaret Carr, Harold Stewart, Nancy Earnest, Sarah Hankins.

The director of the Reece Museum at ETSU has lived in Johnson City all her life. She attended ETSU, majoring in art and English. After teaching in the local county schools for 16 years, she returned to ETSU for a master's in art. Concentrating on sculpture, she worked with cast bronze, cast aluminum, and plaster. As she was completing her master's, she began working at the museum on campus as registrar. She became director in 1984.

While the museum's mission is to serve Appalachia and display work of the Appalachians, Roseberry does not think of the word Appalachian when describing herself or her community. Growing up, she thought of Johnson City simply as a "small American town."

She does see that the museum serves the region and its people. And she finds some of the area work compelling. "I

love some folk art. I love Bessie Harvey," she said, referring to an African-American primitive folk sculptor from Alcoa, Tenn. She also admires another African-American artist from Russellville, Tenn., Sammie Nicely. He combines elements such as corn husks that are sometimes used in folk art in his masks and other sculptures. "I have Sammie Nicely's work in my own collection," she said.

She thinks highly of the work that center fellows have produced, "some really wonderful artistic projects." One that Roseberry cited is the hand-lettered and screen printed books on handmade paper by Gretchen Whisnant. She also mentioned photos by Kingsport photographer Ken Murray and ETSU photography professor Mike Smith, and the fellowship project of Margaret Gregg, a Jonesborough, Tenn., artist. Gregg produced wall hangings that incorporated traditional methods including quilting and more modern techniques such as photo silk-screening to create tributes to two area churches and a citizens action group.

Roseberry feels that her work with the Appalachian Consortium headquartered in Boone, N.C., is especially important to the region. The museum committee on which she serves has organized traveling exhibitions to small colleges. "I feel the museum committee is making an impact to smaller institutions, not just museums, throughout the region," she said.

This summer, after 22 years at the museum, Roseberry is retiring. She plans to spend more time sculpting and traveling.

Roseberry's honors include a purchase award in "Tennessee Drawings 1974," sponsored by the Tennessee Arts Commission and in the "Texas Instruments Area Invitational Exhibit," coordinated by the Johnson City Area Arts Council. She has been at-large member of Appalachian Consortium Board of Directors since 1986, and was appointed to the Washington County Bicentennial Commission in 1993. She served as grants reviewer for the Institute of Museum Services, Washington, D.C., and as consultant on several National Endowment for the Humanities-funded projects since 1983. Roseberry received ETSU's Distinguished Staff Award in 1984.

— Pat Arnow

MARGARET CARR

A lot of paperwork has passed over the desk of Margaret Carr, museum registrar. She is in charge of record keeping for all the objects in the museum's collection, including deeds of gift, loans in and out of the building, condition reporting on objects in the permanent collection and on loan, and some grant proposal writing. She also computerizes records, supervises photography of the permanent collection, and supervises student workers.

An annual inventory is conducted of the permanent collection. During the inventory Carr records a short condition report. "I don't get everything down and don't measure the little cracks or whatever might be wrong with something, but you can tell across time if things are deteriorating or if they are stable," she said.

One of the most recent projects Carr has worked on is Indian repatriation work at the museum, supported by a small grant from the National Park Service. "There is a federal law that requires that museums and other institutions that hold native American human remains and artifacts have to provide inventories to tribes," she said. "What we are asking for is to have a consultant date and locate items, decide if they really were from the Cherokee, for instance, which is what we suspect, and have a tribal representative from Cherokee (N.C.) come over and be the voice for the Cherokee, to say, 'yes, we would like to look at this piece,' or 'we may want to talk about it.' It is terribly interesting. That's the most interesting thing I've been working on lately."

Carr was secretary at the museum when the original grant was written to establish the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. She thinks it was a good idea to establish the center. "The museum is a very public institution, obviously, from the event we had last night [referring to the opening of the First Tennessee Bank Show, an annual regional art competition and show, co-sponsored by the Johnson City Area Arts Council, in which the museum has participated since 1983.] We had almost 200 people here, and almost all of them were community people, so we are visible. I've always thought that what is good for the museum is good for CASS as a whole, because we are so public," she said. "And for the whole 10 years we have had programs here that originated in the center office. We've shown the works that the center fellows have done. So I think we relate real well."

Margaret Carr and her husband Cyrus live in Carter County. They have a daughter, Lydia, 11 months. Carr has a bachelor's degree from ETSU in English with a minor in history. She has put a master's degree in English on hold until Lydia gets a little older. Her interest is in contemporary literature.

— Nancy Fischman

BLAIR WHITE

Blair White is dedicated to furthering understanding of the culture of Appalachia by remembering the past and preparing for the future. "One of our responsibilities is to see that it gets the recognition that it deserves," White, curator of the Reece Museum, said about traditional Appalachian mountain culture. The museum plays an important role in preserving traditional forms of Appalachian arts and crafts.

As curator, White reviews potential exhibits, establishes an exhibits calendar, and plans and implements programs such as lectures, films, Artists in Action, and Lunch Break at the Reece. He also coordinates the museum tour program, supervises exhibit installation, and assists in the preparation and dissemination of articles, news releases, and brochures.

"You can't be involved in your environment and not have an interest in it," White said. White is originally from Chattanooga, but for the past six years, he has called Johnson City home. He considers himself "very much" an Appalachian.

"I maintain a keen interest in what is happening with the crafts movement in Appalachia," White said. He is particularly interested in ensuring that contributions by Appalachian craftsmen to American culture are not overlooked. He cites the work of Berea College's Garry Barker, assistant director of the Berea

College Student Craft Program in Kentucky, as well as that of the Southern Highlands Handicraft Guild, a craft organization founded in the early 1930s that represents craft people in nine states, as examples of the influence that Appalachian craftsmen are having upon American crafts. "You can't look at Appalachian crafts and not see an influence on the rest of the nation," White said.

— Jonathan Crain

Harold Stewart

Harold Stewart, installation supervisor at the Reece Museum at East Tennessee State University, is a quiet and reserved man content with doing his best at whatever task is at hand. He also has a genuine smile that outshines his nervousness with strangers.

Stewart is responsible for the installation of the art exhibits once placement has been determined. He and Blair White, curator for the museum, work together making sure every picture and display is perfect, Stewart said. Pictures are grouped and lights are adjusted meticulously. Frames and pedestals are occasionally built, and labels are placed beside the artwork. "If we have the best exhibition in the world and it's not presented correctly, it is no longer the best. What he does is vital to the overall presentation," White said. "He is an excellent worker, a fine craftsman, who is not satisfied with mediocrity."

Stewart admits he's learned much at his job. "More goes into hanging a picture than just driving a nail," he said. The work is ongoing. Changeovers average every five weeks, Stewart said.

At various times in his life, Stewart has been self-employed doing plumbing and electrical work. He considers himself a jack-of-all trades and does the needed repair work to his home and car. "The extension courses I took in the U.S. Air Force have kept the repairman away from the house," he said.

An Elizabethton native, Stewart joined the Air Force after high school, beginning an absence from the area for 30 years. He served with refuel and rescue units during and after the Korean War. "I wanted to see the world," Stewart said. "If they had told me, before I went, how people in these other countries lived, I would never have believed it."

Stewart stayed in Kansas after getting out of the Air Force. He was employed at Kansas Power and Light in Topeka before moving to Lexington, Ky., where he worked for a dealer selling mining and construction equipment.

Then, in 1981, Stewart came back to the region. "I'd come back here on leaves and vacations," Stewart said. "I realized this 200 to 300-mile area is the prettiest place I've been. I didn't like the area as a kid, but driving around, looking at those places brought back memories. It's just everyday things."

Having a Cherokee grandmother and being from the region, Stewart definitely considers himself Appalachian. Stewart and his wife, Wynnfred, have one son, Harold, Jr., 33. They also have a granddaughter, Amanda, 10.

— Rocky Vines

Sarah Hankins

Originally from Dallas, Texas, Sarah Hankins has lived all over the United States and traveled extensively. She is pleased to have found East Tennessee, however. "I like the climate, the small city atmosphere, and being back on a university campus — my father was a university professor."

Hankins, who is the secretary for the Reece Museum, moved to Johnson City in 1991 following the death of her husband. Her work for the museum varies every day and includes handling the budget, scheduling and coordinating receptions, tours, and meetings, handling the Friends of the Reece Museum (FORM) membership program, and poinsetta memory tree project.

Even though she does not consider herself Appalachian, Hankins feels that she has a part in spreading information about the center to people who may not be aware of its existence.

Hankins has two children, Robert, who is on active duty in the U.S. Marine Corps, and Catherine, who lives in Ohio.

— Keith Ladd

Nancy Earnest

Nancy Earnest photographs every item in the museum's permanent collection. She also keeps negative files, handles black-and-white darkroom needs, and keeps the slide files in order — thus her title, "slide curator."

"Another big part of my job is the publicity. I make sure all the publicity for the museum gets out. I run all the press releases, and I design the brochures for the exhibits that don't come with them."

The public relations work and photography swap priority status depending on what season and activity the museum is in. "I am really busy with the photography aspect of it because the museum is working towards being re-accredited, and I am catching up on the pieces that haven't been photographed yet," she said. "So, I have been spending a lot of time in the darkroom. Right now the balance is more photography and less publicity. It depends on what's going on."

Earnest said the publicity takes a lot of the time, because not only does she do press releases for the paper but she sends things in to tourism magazines and tries to get the museum's name out to the public. Publicity, she said, is very important to any museum. If people don't know what the Reece has and is showing, then they won't drive to ETSU's campus and walk through the doors.

Admission is always free, but exposure is vital to the museum. Grants and re-accreditation won't happen if the Reece is not able to say how many people visit and therefore if the museum is a valid candidate for funds. "We keep track of that. We count every person that comes through the door," Earnest said.

Earnest has spent two years at the museum. Her bachelor's degree in English and her master's in jewelry and metalsmithing were both earned at ETSU, and once again she's back at the university in the Reece. After 17 years doing freelance jewelry design and repair, she says she started working for the museum in order to find a steadier income and work around what she likes most — art.

In the future, Earnest said she hopes to continue her painting and head an arts program workshop.

— Marty Edwards

BLUEGRASS

With its bluegrass program, East Tennessee State University has become a pioneering force in music studies. ETSU boasts the only university-based bluegrass program in the world.

Bluegrass is a hybrid of country music, blues, folk, and other styles. Bands generally feature acoustic guitar, banjo, mandolin, fiddle, bass, and sometimes a dobro, and the members are known for their fast-paced virtuoso musicianship. Bluegrass has been gaining popularity nationally and internationally ever since it was created some 50 years ago with the pioneering musicianship of Bill Monroe backed by Lester Flatt on guitar, Earl Scruggs on banjo, and others.

Though bluegrass is part of popular culture, it is an appropriate field of study, especially in the Southern mountains, where much of this musical style has developed. "To be educated is not to reject your own background. It's to build on it," said John Ostheimer, ETSU's dean of arts and sciences at ETSU in *Bluegrass Unlimited* magazine.

The bluegrass program at ETSU was founded in 1982 by Jack Tottle, a guitar and mandolin player of wide acclaim. He shares credit for creating the program with the late B. Richard Compton, chair of ETSU's Department of Music. Tottle said he was surprised "that the chairman of a music department would be interested in doing something with bluegrass." Compton thought that Tottle's experience playing bluegrass professionally and writing instructional books would make such a program viable. The program also found support from the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services.

Tottle began teaching guitar and mandolin and a course in the history of country and bluegrass music. He also formed the ETSU bluegrass band. A founding member was Jennifer McCarter, who went on to record for Warner Brothers Records. The band subsequently included Tim Stafford, Adam Steffey, and Barry Bales, who have since gone on to win Grammy awards playing with Alison Krauss and Union Station.

The program now features five separate bluegrass bands. Tottle assigns students according to their level of musical accomplishment and style. Students can also serve as interns at Classic Recording Studios in Bristol, Va., so that they can work with some of the excellent musicians who record there. Richard Blaustein teaches old-time fiddle and banjo and also directs an old-time string band ensemble.

With the addition of an Appalachian Studies minor at ETSU in 1993, bluegrass credits can go toward a minor in music or in Appalachian Studies. Some of the students take the courses as part of a minor, but most of the people study bluegrass because they love it, said Tottle.

The program has become known internationally. "We have a number of students here at ETSU strictly because of the bluegrass program," Tottle said. Some of the 52 students in the program have traveled considerable distances including two American students who had been living in Germany. The bluegrass band has also toured many areas of the U.S. and played in Russia.

Though some of the earlier graduates of the program are having illustrious careers, the quality of the students — experienced and inexperienced — continues to be impressive. "We are fortunate to get musicians of such high caliber, but we also get students who come in without

Rebecca Hilton

The ETSU Bluegrass Band in Russia, 1990. Kneeling, left to right: Lynn Becker and Stephanie Fletcher Cole; standing, Kenny Chesney, Marcus Smith, Jack Tottle, and Mike Carter. Chesney is now a successful country music artist and Smith recently recorded his second album with bluegrass artists Terry Baucom, Lou Reid, and Carolina.

ever having played at all," Tottle said. "They usually take the beginning guitar class, get caught up in it as did our former student Kenny Chesney, who became a recording artist with Capricorn Records." Chesney became a staff songwriter for Opryland Music Group (parent company of Acuff-Rose) and has played regularly at the Opryland Hotel. He has appeared on video with his single, "Whatever It Takes," that he co-wrote with Kim Williams. His album, *In My Wildest Dreams,* features many of his own songs. A new video, "The Tin Man," has been released.

Chesney hadn't thought of himself as a musician when he first entered the program. He went through a transformation when he got caught up in this music, said Tottle. "I have seen this happen a number of times, and Kenny is a perfect example. When he first came into the program, he didn't seem to fit in anywhere. He appeared to have low self-confidence when he started in our beginning guitar class. Now it is hard to imagine anyone more self-confident. He plays with a complete focus on his music. He has found his niche. He loves what he is doing and has gotten a lot of exposure in this area."

Confidence building is a positive element of the program. Students learn to set goals, attain them, and learn to interact with and depend on others, Tottle said. "Most of our beginning students don't have a lot of confidence in their abilities. Sometimes when they take their first guitar class, I think to myself, 'This person is never going to get enough control over his fingers to get from one chord to the next.' And then I see some of those same students, after some time of practice, get up on stage at a performance and play a guitar solo or sing. Some of them probably won't become professional musicians, but they perform well enough for entertaining themselves and their friends."

More experienced and dedicated musicians gain different benefits. "This program gives the students the tools of exposure," Tottle said. "It helps them make contact with other people who have the same interests in music, it gives them the opportunity to play in front of people, and it makes advice available to them about their careers."

— Gregory Thomas Leonard

Jack Tottle

Jack Tottle figures that "there's a bluegrass gene that some people have." He is certainly one of those people. "We just get totally absorbed in it and go on to devote our lives to it."

A professional musician, author, and teacher, Tottle has served as the head of ETSU's bluegrass program for the past 12 years. He has also performed in Japan, Russia, Brazil, Slovakia, and the Czech Republic as well as throughout the U.S.

When he was growing up in Belle Haven, Va., Tottle discovered folk music. "It reached me at a very deep level. I'm drawn to all kinds of music that are related to the roots of American music." But it was the bluegrass he heard on the local country radio station that really touched him. "It was very direct and honest. I felt truth in it."

After moving to Washington, D.C., with his family, Tottle made friends with some high school classmates who were also bluegrass fans. It was here that he began to play guitar. He switched to mandolin because he "wanted to play something that my friend couldn't."

For inspiration, Tottle listened to some of the greatest first-generation bluegrass mandolin players, such as Bill Monroe, Bobby Osborne, and Jesse McReynolds. "I borrowed concepts from each of them."

Tottle's high school group, the Lonesome River Boys, eventually made a record, which introduced Tottle to one of the most influential figures in the D.C. bluegrass scene. "Pete Kuykendall produced our demo tape in a studio he had set up in his basement," Tottle said. "He started *Bluegrass Unlimited* magazine and had a big impact on bluegrass in general through the magazine."

Tottle continued playing throughout college and a stint in the Armed Forces. During the 1970s, he founded Tasty Licks, a Boston-based group that included some of the biggest talents in contemporary bluegrass. Pat Enright of the Nashville Bluegrass Band played guitar, and Bela Fleck of the Flecktones, played banjo. Bass player Mark Schatz subsequently recorded with Tony Rice, Tim O'Brien, and many top bluegrass artists.

Tottle moved to Scott County, Va., in 1979, and began ETSU's bluegrass program in 1982. "When we started, we had one bluegrass band, the history of country and bluegrass course, and guitar classes," Tottle said. "The program has grown steadily since then."

In addition to taking the ETSU Bluegrass Band to Russia, Tottle himself has been busy traveling. Most recently, he spent 30 days in the Czech Republic and Slovakia representing ETSU.

In his travels, Tottle has found that bluegrass has become a truly international phenomenon. "The first book on bluegrass was written by a Japanese scholar," Tottle said. A music festival in the Czech Republic had a stage just for bluegrass. At a festival in Japan, 100 Japanese bluegrass bands performed. "Bluegrass is not just a passing fad. It's becoming part of the culture. The relevance of Appalachia is not restricted geographically. It has relevance worldwide."

Tottle graduated from Dartmouth College in 1963 with a bachelor's degree in political science. Instruction books: ***Bluegrass Mandolin****, Oak Publication, N.Y. 1975;* ***How to Play Mandolin****, Acorn Press, N.Y. 1977;* ***Guitar from the Beginning****, Morrell Music, Bristol, Tenn. 1991. Music instruction videos: "Guitar from the Beginning" and "Flatpick Style Guitar," Grand Videos, Bristol, Tenn. 1988.*

— Jonathan Crain

Tim Stafford

Tim Stafford is a Grammy winner, a history teacher, and a father. Which of those roles is the most important is clear. "The reason I left the music business was so I could spend more time with my son, Daniel, who recently turned two," he said.

In 1992 when Stafford, an alumnus of the ETSU Bluegrass Band, decided to leave music, he was touring with Alison Krauss and Union Station, a highly successful bluegrass band. It was with this band that Stafford won a Grammy for bluegrass album of the year. The album also received honors from the International Bluegrass Music Association. In 1990 the band was named entertainer of the year by IBMA.

Stafford said he really enjoyed his stint with Alison Krauss and Union Station.

Larry Smith

Adam Steffey, Barry Bales, Tim Stafford, and Alison Krauss of Union Station at a workshop conducted for ETSU students.

While touring with them Stafford visited all 50 states and several countries. "I really like to travel and to play bluegrass, so it was a dream come true for me."

In 1988 Stafford was hired by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services as a field researcher and as a producer of "Bluegrass Heartland" radio shows for public radio station WETS-FM. These shows focused on area bluegrass musicians but featured national figures also.

While working for the center, he was involved in the making of an album, "Down Around Bowmantown." One side contained digital transfers of recordings made in the 1940s and 1950s of a group of musicians from a rural community in East Tennessee. The flip side contained current recordings of the same artists doing some of the same songs. Stafford said this was one of his favorite projects he did for the center.

A second project Stafford is proud of was helping to obtain the Barnicle-Cadle collection. These recordings were made by folklorist Mary Barnicle and her husband Tillman Cadle from 1935 to 1950. The collection contains over 400 recordings, including many by Leadbelly. Stafford and others from the center were able to convince Cadle that the Archives of Appalachia at ETSU would be a safe place for these valuable recordings.

Stafford first became interested in bluegrass at age 14 as a high school freshman. He was in concert choir class when he spotted a classmate playing a mandolin and wanted to know more about the instrument and the music that could be played with it. A few weeks later he saw a concert by a bluegrass band named Country Comfort. He instantly became hooked on bluegrass. Stafford lists Tony Rice, Stuart Duncan, Larry Sparks, Doc Watson, and Clarence White as some of his major influences. A gifted guitar player, Stafford also plays banjo and other instruments.

Bluegrass music radio play is another thing Stafford has strong feelings about. "Lots of people have a taste for alternative music like bluegrass or classical. Public radio is usually their only outlet. Fortunately WETS plays a variety of music including bluegrass. They (WETS) realized just like WAMU in Washington, D.C., that they should program bluegrass because that's what a lot of people want to hear."

Stafford has a few short-term ambitions. He recently produced an album at Bristol's Classic Recording Studios for a North Carolina group, Ric-O-Chet, which will be released shortly on the Rebel label. He wants to continue to be a service to the community as a teacher (he has studied for a Ph.D. in history), and wants to be more involved in other organizations that help the community. He also hopes to write a few books about music.

Stafford, a Kingsport, Tenn., native, has had writings published in ***Now & Then***, ***Bluegrass Unlimited****, and other magazines. He and his wife, Patricia, and their son, Daniel, live in Johnson City.*

—Brian Smith

SPECIAL PROJECTS

Radio

Bluegrass Heartland, an hour-long program broadcast weekly on WETS-FM, the local public radio station, is hosted by Jack Tottle. The show features bluegrass by contemporary and classic artists and interviews with musicians who play and promote bluegrass music. Guests have included Tony Rice, Don Campbell, Doyle Lawson, Glenn E. Roberts Jr., and Janette Carter.

Albums

The musical albums produced or funded by the center preserve the music of a time and place. This is an important task, for musical styles are ever-changing. With these albums, a bit of the evolution is captured. And there is a good time to be had as well.

Uncle Charlie Osborne, a fiddler and singer from Russell County, Va., made ***Relics and Treasures***, when he was 94 years old. In October 1984, musician Tommy Bledsoe recorded Osborne at the Maggard Studio in Big Stone Gap, Va. The following month he recorded Osborne playing and singing at home. Bledsoe also interviewed Osborne, and with the help of Maxine Kenny, photographed him in his home. The result of the project was an album accompanied by a booklet and poster.

When he was 100, Osborne made another album for the center, ***100 Years Farther On — Uncle Charlie Osborne.***

East Tennessee features the East Tennessee State University Bluegrass Band playing traditional and original songs. It includes performances by Grammy winners Adam Steffey, Barry Bales, and Tim Stafford. Also heard on the album are Beth Stevens of the Stevens Family, Richard Blaustein of ETSU, and ETSU Bluegrass program director, Jack Tottle.

Down Around Bowmantown: Portrait of a Musical Community in Northeast Tennessee explored the music of a group from a close-knit rural community. With extensive notes and photos, this album of instrumentals, comic songs, and sentimental and religious ballads, some first recorded by these musicians in the '40s and '50s, gives a sense for the evolution of music.

— Marie Tedesco and Pat Arnow

Appalachian - Scottish Studies Program

It might appear that Johnson City, Tenn., and Edinburgh, Scotland, are about as far apart culturally as they are geographically. But an academic program at East Tennessee State University proves the opposite.

The program, sponsored in part by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, provides an opportunity to study the relationship between American and Scottish culture, particularly Southern Appalachian and Scottish traditional culture.

"The program got its start when a graduate student at the University of Edinburgh (Scotland) was working on her dissertation about 'Jack tales' as told by Scottish travelers [traditional itinerant people], and 'Jack tales' as told in Southern Appalachia," said Thomas Burton, program director and professor of English at ETSU. "That is what got me over to Scotland and initiated me to the School of Scottish Studies. I began thinking, 'If this is neat for me, then maybe it will be good for a lot of other people.' " It has been — people from Scotland and America have participated in the five-week summer program since its inception in 1988.

An exchange agreement exists between the center and the School of Scottish Studies at the University of Edinburgh. Designed to alternate between the two universities, the summer program is hosted by ETSU in even years and the School of Scottish Studies in odd. The 1994 summer program at ETSU features lectures by visiting scholars, performances by storytellers and musicians from both cultures, and field trips to places such as the Carter Fold in Hiltons, Va., to hear the area's music. Students learn about traditional narratives, languages, dialects, religion, architecture, customs, beliefs, crafts, and folksongs.

The program also brings in visiting scholars and lecturers throughout the academic year. ETSU professors have acted as outside evaluators for doctoral dissertations from the School of Scottish Studies, specifically those which have a direct relationship to Appalachia. "We are attempting to increase library and archives holdings, including audio and video tapes and materials from the Scottish Studies program in Edinburgh," said Burton. Along with participating in the exchange program, students can take courses at ETSU in British history, regional geography, and Appalachian and English literature — many of the offerings in the Appalachian Studies curriculum.

"Ultimately we want to see what effects Scottish culture has had on Appalachian culture. The reason for the emphasis on Scottish culture is that the largest group who settled in this area were of Scots descent, either directly or indirectly. There were other people — English, German, French — but the largest single group were the Ulster Scots," Burton said. Ulster Scots were the Scottish people who settled in Ireland for some time before emigrating to North America, where they are usually called Scotch-Irish.

"That brings up the obvious question, just how significant is that culture?" Burton said. "A lot of emphasis has been placed on British culture, but for much of the South, this Scottish culture is more important."

Students in the program vary as much as the characters in a folktale. "We get a pretty large spectrum of students, both in discipline and age, who enroll in the program," said Burton. "Last time, we had an undergraduate who was under 21, and we went all the way up to a student who was 77. She was the mother of one of the students who went with us. She wasn't a tag-along; she was an active participant."

Stevan Jackson, Johnson City "tunesmith" and doctoral anthropology candidate, has been actively involved in the program. "I went in 1989 and last year," Jackson said. "I have an intense interest in Scottish and Irish music, and this program is a great way to explore that. I hope to make the trip again."

This year's session will run from July 12 to August 15. Visiting scholars will include Ian Fraser, senior lecturer from the University of Edinburgh. Field trips will include one to the Highland Games on Grandfather Mountain, N.C., and other sites of interest. The program will end with a celebration of Appalachian and

Courtesy of School of Scottish Studies

Women "waulking the tweed," the process of shrinking tweed and setting the dyes. They soak the tweed in water, pound it, knead it, and sing songs. 1934.

Scottish heritage featuring storytellers Jean Redpath and Ray Hicks.

In the summer of 1995, ETSU students will head to Scotland and Northern Ireland. Fees for the program will be approximately $1,800 plus tuition and meals. The course may be audited or taken for three or six credit hours.

—Gregg Powers

Tom Burton in the highlands of Scotland doing fieldwork. He is carrying a "snugglers," a worm of a still.

THOMAS BURTON

"I have an interest in Appalachian traditional culture and ballads in particular," said Tom Burton, a soft-spoken professor of English. "That all started with a class at Vanderbilt under Donald Davidson, who's well-known as one of the fugitive poets. He taught the traditional British ballad. I took the course with him and really enjoyed it." Burton was born in Memphis, Tenn., and graduated from Central High School in Charlotte, N.C. However, it was not until he attended Vanderbilt University in pursuit of master's and doctorate degrees that he developed an interest in folklore.

Since coming to ETSU in 1958, Burton has been involved with the collection of all sorts of traditional folklore from the region. "When I came here, Ambrose Manning taught the folklore class." Burton said. "We became friends and our interests worked together so we decided we would start collecting ballads." For a number of years the duo published a feature in the local press called "Singing Out" where they would discuss songs they had collected and solicit other songs.

Burton played an important part in the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, helping to write the grant which got the whole thing started. "I have been involved before the beginning," he said.

Burton is also instrumental in the Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program at ETSU. He designed the program in conjunction with the School of Scottish Studies at University of Edinburgh, Scotland. The two universities are involved in a program which focuses on all aspects of the relationship between Scottish culture and the culture of the Southern Appalachians. The program is the only one of its kind.

Another project sent him to rural areas of the region to study and document religious snake-handling. This produced an award-winning documentary in 1973, *They Shall Take Up Serpents*, co-produced with Jack Schrader of ETSU's department of art. This was followed by a sequel, *Carson Springs, A Decade Later,* with Tom Headley of ETSU's Department of Communication in 1983, and the publication of *Serpent-Handling Believers* in 1993 by University of Tennessee Press.

Burton has a list of publications and honors to his credit that include the Appalachian Consortium Laurel Leaves Award for meritorious contribution to the Southern Appalachians in 1982.

"What I want to do in the future is to continue my research and to write. I am now working with gypsies and travelers [traditional itinerant people] — I spent three months in Scotland living with Scottish travelers. I also got involved with some gypsies in Britain and France," he said.

Burton will also continue to study various aspects of the Appalachian culture. "I think it's important to study whatever region you are in," he said. "I guess the big question is 'Why is it important to know *your* culture?' This is a part of our lives, so it is important to know as much as possible about it."

Thomas Burton has a master's degree (1958) and Ph.D. (1966) from Vanderbilt University. He has been a member of the Department of English at ETSU since 1958 with the rank of full professor since 1967. He has four children: David 34, Michael 32, John 30, and Lewis 25.

—Gregg Powers

The Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program proposes a cultural quest, a search for a deeper knowledge and clearer understanding of the relationships between America (particularly Southern Appalachia) and Scotland.

— from the Summer Program brochure

Governor's School for Tennessee Heritage

At the Tipton-Haynes Historic Site, Jeffrey is nervous as he cautiously uncovers an artifact that will unlock mysteries of the past. On campus, Elizabeth practices her interpretation of a young girl's life in East Tennessee in the early 1900s to prepare a play to be performed in two weeks. These are among the gifted high school students who are studying their state's history, politics, and culture in the Governor's School for Tennessee Studies.

Governor's School students participate in archaeology project at Tipton Haynes Historic Site, Johnson City, Tenn.

Each summer in late June, some of the top 10 percent of Tennessee's high school students participate in Governor's Schools across the state in subjects ranging from art to science. Seventy students are accepted into the Governor's School for Tennessee Studies which is hosted by East Tennessee State University's Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. The goal is to provide hands-on, intensive study in Tennessee subjects. "The program is designed to provide instruction at a level not available as part of the school curriculum," said Penelope Lane, the Governor's School assistant director.

East Tennessee provides an especially appropriate setting for such study with its rich heritage. During their month-long stay at ETSU all students attend a two-hour class each day on Tennessee history, followed by a guest lecture series and study of a special discipline. "Archaeology is always the most popular," she said. "The group digs at the Tipton-Haynes Historic Site and conducts an archaeological survey."

The five other groups also have much to offer, Lane said. The historic preservation group begins with evaluating architectural styles and the development of various designs, and then students see examples of what they've studied. The dramatic interpretation group research the lives of figures in Tennessee history, both famous and obscure. With what they find, they create and perform a play. The Tennessee literature class studies poetry and fiction from past and present. The folk music and culture section deals with the different musical styles from across the state, and the students learn broadcasting and recording techniques in a visit to a local studio. The governmental issues class learns about community planning and governmental decision-making first hand. They attend local government meetings, tour Tennessee Eastman Corporation, which is the area's largest employer, and visit government officials.

Along with their intensive study from specialized instructors, students learn from guest speakers, field trips, and other hands-on activities. "We try to present the students with a broad range of Tennessee history, including Native American and women's issues," Lane said. "The classes are informal and the students are encouraged to get involved in discussions with visiting lecturers and their teachers."

During their time at ETSU, students get a taste of college life by living in dormitories. They are also provided with recreational activities. "They watch films which are educational and entertaining that show life in Tennessee." Lane said. Discussions follow the films, which relate to class topics. One Sunday students may attend a local church in order to hear traditional gospel music firsthand. "We try to make the students aware of the interesting religious heritage in Tennessee," Lane said.

Since the program began in 1986, Lane said the Governor's School has been improving, and through exposure from the center, she hopes it will continue to expand. "As with every new program, it takes a while to get started," she said. "But we're trying to get the information out and with time, it will keep getting better. It's a wonderful program that really does a lot for the students."

After four weeks of hard work, exciting field trips, good entertainment, and individualized instruction, Jeffrey and Elizabeth will return to their homes in Memphis and Chattanooga. But this time, as they return to their respective high schools, they have seen and appreciated Tennessee's culture, history, and landscape firsthand.

—Sonja Anderson

Appalachian Studies Curriculum

A minor in Appalachian Studies at East Tennessee State University is only two years old but already attracting students. The Appalachian Studies minor offers an interdisciplinary program in which to learn about the complex social, cultural, environmental, and historical dimensions of the Appalachian region. Students may develop specialties in regional history and culture, regional politics and community development, regional music and folk culture, regional environmental issues, and regional arts and crafts. Participating departments include sociology and anthropology, music, social work, English, geography, history, political science, biological sciences, and art. In the fall semester 1994, a new Introduction to Appalachian Studies course will be offered for the first time.

Students pursuing the minor in Appalachian Studies are excited by the curriculum. Nancy Maine, a junior from St. Paul, Va., who comes from a family of coal miners in Southwest Virginia, said she decided to minor in Appalachian Studies "because I grew up in Appalachia, and I think there is too much negative information about the region, too many stereotypes. I don't like that." She feels that the Appalachian Studies program allows her "to learn more about my region and spread more accurate information to other students."

Tina O'Quinn, also from Southwest Virginia, is a junior with a double major in English and political science. She says she is minoring in Appalachian Studies because "as an Appalachian, I've always had a strong sense of place and culture. The interdisciplinary approach of the minor gives me the opportunity to explore many different facets of the region and how they're related." O'Quinn serves as the student member of the Appalachian Studies curriculum committee and works as a student assistant in the center office. After graduation, she plans to stay in the region to teach. "I hope to encourage my students to study the region for their own personal and academic satisfaction."

Lynn Whitehead instructs students in the handling of clay. Pottery, fabric dyeing, and weaving are courses in the art department that may be applied to the interdisciplinary minor in Appalachian Studies at ETSU.

— Jean Haskell Speer

LETTERS, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Clearly in Nimrod's recording, as well as many of his performances, it is sung as Bahd-ler, not Biler or Bangum. As Rich Kirby and I did the LP liner notes, we were intrigued with the word Bahd-ler. Later, after reading Snodderly's piece on Nimrod, I acted on a tip from my brother, Wayne Wright. He was reading a book, *A Sorrow in Our Heart*, about the life of Tecumseh, the mythic figure and historic Shawnee leader. According to the author Allan Eckert, Bahd-ler was the legendary giant of a man and famous early frontiersman, Simon Kenton, a contemporary of Daniel Boone. He wandered through much of what is now West Virginia, Nimrod's home state, and took the alias Butler, which was transformed into Bahd-ler. He was known for his ability as a great warrior and was blessed, as legend has it, with luck when he went into battle, bullets and arrows missing him at every turn. When captured by the Shawnees he was made to run the gauntlet seven times, and survived. They gained great respect for his strength and courage, proclaiming him a great and worthy opponent. Perhaps in this day of political correctness it is not "cool" to talk about "Indian Fighters," but I would suggest that the Bahd-ler in Nimrod Workman's version of this song is derived from the legend of Simon Kenton. Nimrod credited his "granny" for teaching him the song.

Jack Wright
Ohio University School of Film, Athens, Ohio

Ed Snodderly replies: My interview with Nimrod Workman just goes to show you that a performer is always changing and maybe playing the trickster role. Nimrod claimed that he wrote the song "The Wild Boar's Den." When I asked him where he got it, he said, " It took me a long time to get it all together like I wanted it." He sang the song several different ways that morning. He sang it the first time as Bangum, then Boddler, and one time where you couldn't understand whether he said Biler or Boddler. So, thanks for your help and research on Bahd-ler.

LETTERS, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

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RICHARD BLAUSTEIN

How does a youngster from Brooklyn, N.Y., find his way to Appalachia and become a leader in Appalachian Studies and an accomplished mountain-style fiddle and banjo player? This unusual scenario describes the saga of Richard Blaustein, the first director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services and now Senior Research Fellow with the center. Blaustein began playing banjo and fiddle as a teenager in Brooklyn and quickly became interested in the history and culture of the region that produced the old-time mountain music he loved. After undergraduate study in anthropology at Brooklyn College, he earned his master's and doctoral degrees at Indiana University in folklore, specializing in American folklore and ethnomusicology.

A friend in graduate school alerted him to a teaching position at ETSU in Johnson City, in the heart of the musical region he wanted to study. Getting out his map, Blaustein said "this looked like a perfect place to study country music and folklore." Joining the faculty in 1970, Blaustein worked his way up the scholary ladder to become Professor of Sociology and Anthropology in 1983, the same year he was appointed director of the Institute for Appalachian Affairs. His first task was to prepare a grant for the Centers of Excellence program that had just been launched by then Gov. Lamar Alexander. When the center was funded, Blaustein became its first director.

Blaustein plunged into the work of the center, as he said, "trying to build on the strengths of the institution" including creative writing about Appalachia, photography, music, and folklore. *Now & Then* magazine helped pull these interests together. Blaustein also launched a "folk arts in the schools" project that "resulted in the Golden Days project that developed a method for helping teachers teach folklore. The questionnaire that was produced for folklore collecting has been translated into Norwegian, Chinese, and Spanish and is used all over the state of Tennessee and other states." Blaustein recently updated the questionnaire for use with the upcoming Tennessee Bicentennial. Another project was the Old-Time Radio Reunion, "bringing together people who had played together on live, local radio programs from as far back as the history of broadcasting in this area." This project and Blaustein's own fieldwork made the history of country music in Appalachia a real strength of the Archives of Appalachia.

Larry Smith, University Relations, ETSU

Richard Blaustein entertains at the Appalachian-Scottish Studies reception in Johnson City, Tenn., 1994.

Working with Tom Burton in the Department of English, Blaustein formalized an exchange with the University of Edinburgh and his work with the Appalachian-Scottish Studies program began to influence the direction of his own research work. "The Scottish-American business continues to be of interest to me. I'm interested in pushing forward with the idea of doing more work on ethnicity and cultural revivals among Scottish Americans. I've interviewed some people in this area who are prominent in Scottish-American activities and plan to do some more this summer." Blaustein has lectured in Scotland and is a regular performer each year for the Appalachian-Scottish Studies program, sponsored by the center.

In 1992, Blaustein returned to teaching and research in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology and took on the role of Senior Research Fellow with the center. One major project on which he is working is a book about "the intellectual history of Appalachian Studies since the 1970s," tentatively titled *Coming to Terms with Appalachia: Shifting Visions of a Region within a Region*. But, as Blaustein acknowledged, "being the way I am, if I had only one project going, it would be unreal." He hopes to get a fellowship to give him time to finish the book and a Fulbright Fellowship to continue his work in Scotland. And then there's all that material in hundreds of hours of fieldwork tapes beckoning to him from the archives. "I don't see any lack of material to work with," Blaustein said.

Blaustein believes the work of the center should now focus on students. "We need to involve students at all levels. That needs to be the primary focus. Do more for the students, do more with the students." Blaustein is in a good position to assist those efforts, since he serves as advisor for the Appalachian Studies minor. He also recognizes ETSU's leadership in regional and community health and believes "one of the best contributions we could make would be to help develop culturally sensitive approaches to health and human services. It's very much needed."

Richard Blaustein received his Ph.D. in 1975 from the Folklore Institute at Indiana University. He is married to Rosemary Brookman and has two children, Rachel, 17, and Jessica, 15. He is author of numerous articles on music and folklore and producer of music recordings, radio, and other media programs.

—Jean Speer

PENELOPE LANE

For Penelope Lane, working in the center is an opportunity to gain a deeper understanding of the Appalachian culture and how Appalachian studies has developed as an academic discipline. "I'm interested in educating others about the rich cultural heritage in our area and in changing others' stereotypical impressions," said Lane, who works as the office manager of the center and is the assistant director of the Governor's School for Tennessee Studies.

"I'd like to see CASS get more involved in grass-roots and community organizations — assisting them and working with them as a liaison to create a connection with academia and to conduct more research," she said.

Lane spent several years working with an employment training program and was in contact with the Southeast Women's Employment coalition. "This was an organization that worked on the grass-roots level to improve working conditions and job opportunities for poor women in the South," said Lane, who is a native of Knoxville. "I set up a training program for women in nontraditional occupations, such as welding or machine technology. These positions tend to pay a good deal more than more traditional women's jobs such as secretarial work. This is one way to change stereotypes that are as strongly held within the area as by those outside looking in."

Change is something Lane thinks the center has been able to provide through research projects. Over the years the research has been the best thing CASS has done, she believes. The various projects funded by CASS have resulted in some significant research that might not otherwise have found support.

Aside from working in the center office, Lane enjoys working on her farm near Roan Mountain. She is working on a master's degree in history and hopes to enter a Ph.D. program and eventually teach at the university level.

Lane received a bachelor's degree in sociology and anthropology from East Tennessee State University, in 1983, and is currently working on a master's in history. She and her husband, Michael Paul Lane, have a son, Quinton, 14.

— Suzanne Reese

JANE HARRIS WOODSIDE

Jane Harris Woodside's first break as a writer was a research job at *Business Week*'s bureau in her native Philadelphia.

There, she would write stories on workplace issues or technical subjects like the future of cellophanes. (Would they be replaced by oriented polypropylenes? Woodside jokingly recalls being proud that she could pronounce that, let alone write about it.) After the *Business Week* job, she wrote case case studies for an organizational behavior faculty member at the Darden Graduate School of Business at the University of Virginia. Next, she was ready to indulge her interest in folklore in a master's degree program at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

"What I got out of those jobs was the experience of going out and getting information from people firsthand," said Woodside, now assistant director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. In going back to school, Woodside said she chose "something that had a lot of fieldwork. It's almost like detective work."

Although her duties include conference planning, publishing, working with groups, and writing grant proposals, Woodside finds time to travel about the region conducting interviews. She is currently working on a book on illness and culture being researched in Johnson County, Tenn.

The book, a venture of an interdisciplinary culture and medicine study group at ETSU's Department of Family Medicine in the Quillen College of Medicine, will "look at the relationship between people's experiences of health and illness and their culture," Woodside said.

Woodside's personal link to the medical community is her husband, Jack Woodside Jr., now a faculty member in the family practice program at ETSU. The Woodsides lived in the Virginia cities of Charlottesville and Lynchburg before coming to the Appalachian region and Johnson City, in 1986.

She had first visited this part of the country to attend a friend's wedding in Southwest Virginia in the mid-1970s. "Driving here, I had this 1960s, War-on-Poverty view of the region," Woodside recalled. "Coming down Interstate 81, I remember looking for 'Appalachia' and saying 'Are we there yet?' I almost expected the region to be in black and white.

"When I came here and learned about the region, I sensed some resonance in my family history," she said. "I have Scotch-Irish ancestors who had a farm in the Blue Mountains (of South Central Pennsylvania). I had an immigrant grandfather who was a coal miner, and my mother lost an uncle in the mines."

As she settled in, Woodside took a job interviewing Clinch Valley craftspeople in conjunction with a center-sponsored photographic project by Ken Murray. That led to another project — interviews for an old-time square dance video by dancer Susan Spalding.

Woodside's fondness of dance led her to work on center-sponsored dance conferences and a new book on traditional dance, *Communities in Motion*, another collaboration with Spalding. This volume is a compilation of articles on vernacular

Jim Sledge, University Relations, ETSU

Penelope Lane

dances performed by African Americans, Cherokees, and others. It has been accepted for publication by Greenwood Press.

She helped organize last year's Appalachian Colloquium Series, an interdisciplinary group open to the community, both on-campus and off. Participants discussed a wide range of topics ranging from the video, "The Dancing Outlaw," to the environmental and economic impact of the extension of Interstate 26.

Jim Sledge, University Relations, ETSU

Jane Harris Woodside

In her spare time, Woodside finds the energy to chair the Tennessee Writers' Alliance, a 350-member group currently planning a Johnson City writers' workshop in November with the center as a co-sponsor.

When Woodside considers the future of the center, she hopes its value as a sort of cultural think tank will be recognized and rewarded.

"We have people calling us, saying, 'We're social workers' or 'We're seminarians — tell us about Appalachia.' There are so many misconceptions, so many oversimplifications about this area. People have this idea that all of Appalachia is people tucked back in the hill, that they're kind of in a time warp, that somehow we're preserving an earlier, purer America.

"We have a good and broad understanding of the culture of this region," she said. "This expertise could be of use to many people in many different efforts. I'd like to see us become cultural consultants in the region, so people operating in the region and for the region can do so more effectively. If you really understand the culture you're trying to work in, it increases your chances of doing good work."

Jane Harris Woodside holds a master's degree in English from Temple University and a master's in folklore from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She and her husband, Jack, are the parents of Jessica, 11, and twins Nicholas and Christopher, 8.

— Mary Alice Basconi

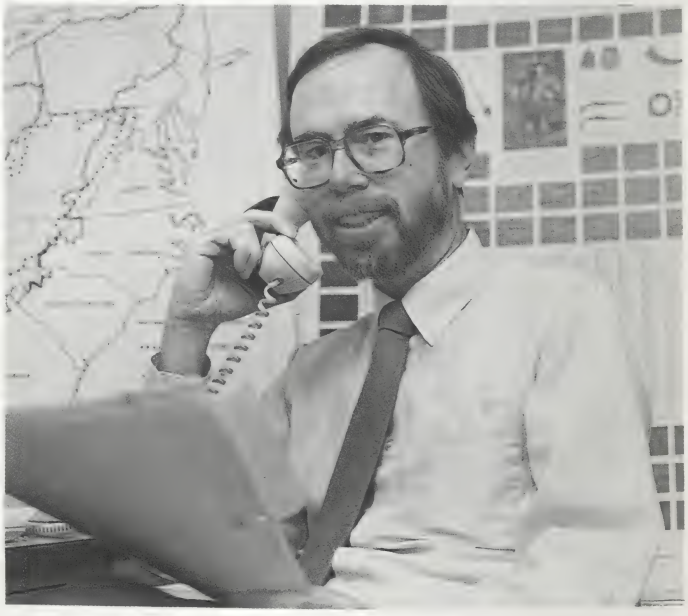
CHARLES MOORE

Charles Moore added a long, tan overcoat and brown plaid hat to his business attire in order to spend a few minutes of his lunch hour outdoors. Sitting on a concrete bench on a sunny, cool February afternoon, he described his duties at the center. "I oversee accounts and make sure we spend our money from grants according to the restrictions placed on them." But the work is collaborative with the entire staff. "Everybody in the office shares in responsibilities. There's a lot of overlapping and if someone needs help, we give them a hand," he said.

Moore moved from Illinois to Northeast Tennessee in 1982. He became involved in the center in 1986 when he worked for fellowship recipient Martha Whaley. Whaley, History of Medicine librarian at the Quillen College of Medicine at ETSU, received a fellowship to build a medical artifacts collection. "Working here has further broadened my understanding of sense of place. I enjoy my surroundings and I like to learn things," he said.

As he paused to wave and acknowledge a passerby, he diverted the conversation to some of his interests, including camping. When he returned to the subject of the center, he said, "Our biggest headache is consistent funding. It's hard for us to raise sufficient money for the fellowship program or for research." He said that although the center receives support from private agencies and from the government, it's frustrating to be hampered by lack of funding.

Moore said the most important things the center has done are to raise consciousness about the region through the fellowship program and publish *Now & Then* magazine. "The fellowship program is one of the best projects in the university," he said, and described the program as one that greatly benefits many people, not just students and faculty. "It's a humble program that can boost someone along when they are trying to start a project. And the magazine has a greater exposure nowadays. It takes



Jim Sledge, University Relations, ETSU

Charles Moore

a little step at a time, and it takes a long time to do it. Bit-by-bit the message gets out. The magazine deals a lot with images in Appalachia. It's another way the center has for educating people."

Moore has an associate's degree in science from Parkland Junior College, Champaign, Ill. In 1987 he earned a bachelor's in business administration from ETSU. He is currently working on a master's degree in English.

—Sonja Anderson

FRIEDA SOUDER

Jim Sledge, University Relations, ETSU

Frieda Souder

A secretary can be a powerful entity anywhere, and the *Now & Then* office is no exception. "Let's say I tell Pat what to do, and when to do it. I tell her jump, and she says how high," Frieda Souder joked.

Before coming to the center, Souder worked as a paralegal. She has worked at CASS for about a year and a half. Her formal title is "clerk-typist," but her duties encompass more things than clerking and typing. "I open the mail, I do the deposits, and I run the administrative end of the magazine. I try to keep the money end of the magazine, the subscriptions and orders," she said. She also keeps up with the mailing list, bookstores, and proofreads copy if the need arises.

Ever the huckster, she uses her East Tennessee accent to deadpan what she wants *Now & Then* and CASS to accomplish in the future. "I want a better image of Appalachia and the Appalachian people. That is, the intelligence of Appalachians — above all other people."

Souder gets serious about who she considers important Appalachian thinkers, writers, and activists. "You know I think when you are really from this area, your family are the most important Appalachian thinkers."

A sense of family at home and throughout schooling and community is what she thinks is most influential, rather than someone that has written on Appalachia or has won any awards. In other words, it's family and not fame. "That probably comes into it and means more than anyone that has been in a book or anyone of any notoriety," she says.

Souder has two daughters and a son-in-law. Keelie is currently a senior and Kristen and Steve are doing graduate work, all at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville.

— Marty Edwards

LETTERS, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Gentlemen:

I am a new subscriber to your magazine and commend you on the articles and information it contains.

I am from Hazard, Ky., and worked at the Perry County Courthouse as Chief Deputy Clerk in the circuit clerk's office during the years that Gurney Norman speaks of in his article. ["An 'Other Consciousness,'" Spring 1994]. I am pleased to say that I knew Gurney when he was a young reporter working with the *Hazard Herald*, and we spent many a day talking about Hazard, the new federal programs coming into Hazard during the early 60s, and just the news in general. He reported it all with such ease of words.

He took me back years with him in his article, and I revisited Allais, and it brought back memories of Hazard that I had long stored away.

So, you see, my first acquaintance with your magazine sure was a good one, and I look forward to the next issue. I am just sorry I did not know of its existence sooner.

I sure didn't know that South Carolina was considered part of Appalachia until I read your magazine. When all the federal programs were coming into Hazard, I worked for awhile with urban renewal, and Appalachia to me was Eastern Kentucky (only). Boy, was I ever wrong.

Ida Lee Hansel
Spartanburg, S.C.

Pat Arnow:

This letter is in reference to your "Re-enacting the Civil War" article which appeared in *Now & Then* [Summer 1993]. I wish that you had been able to interview re-enactors who were more knowledgeable and less biased. John McIlhenny is quoted, for example, as saying, "Of course, they don't want to re-enact World War II." Enclosed please find several pages from *Time Machines*. The pages describe WWII re-enacting, which is, of course, alive and well.

Scott Templeton, who "graced" the cover of your magazine is hopelessly biased both as a re-enactor and "historian." The event which he helped put on, "Confederate Homefront," is unique in the re-enactment world. On a national basis, re-enactors are invited to events to portray either federal or rebel units. Events which depict battles, by necessity, want both federal and rebel units. Not so with the Jonesborough event. Federal units were to show up only if they were willing to portray rebels the whole weekend, up until the time of the battle in which they could "suit up" as cannon fodder. Naturally, units which portray federal outfits took

LETTERS, CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

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JO CARSON

Author Jo Carson trusts the Appalachian region for her story ideas. "I believe a literary writer's grounded work is in his or her own geography and terrain," Carson said. "And I find this area feeds my work, because I know it best."

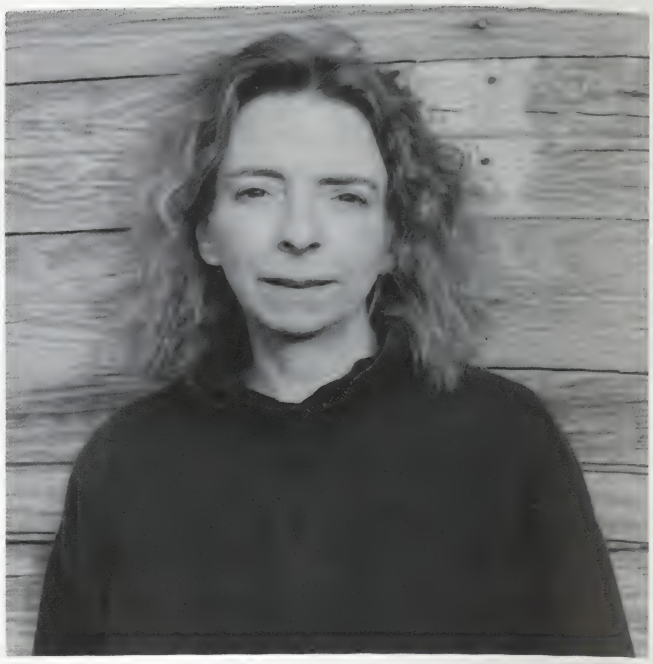
Carson has been poetry editor for *Now & Then* since 1987. "I love the work, and I get a fair amount of it," she said.

There is more than *Now & Then* for Carson. She earns her livelihood at writing. "What you do for work is also what you do for fun." Fun as it is, it is not easy. "The problem with self-employment is that you never quit working," Carson said.

Originally from Johnson City, Carson read about other people whose successes were in New York. "At one point in my life, I thought a person had to be from New York to be any type of artist," she said. "Well, I'm here to tell you, it is not true." It took living in New York for more than two years for Carson to fully respect the Appalachian area. "When I returned, I saw and heard the region differently," she said.

Carson tries to keep up with what is written in the South and the Appalachian region. "There are smart people out there writing interesting things," she said. "It's amazing what you find out." There is a stack of books on the floor of her house, which Carson said "will probably be read before the spring is out." In addition to the books are manuscripts, essays, and magazines. A slight hearing loss adds to the concentration. "I can't hear the television very well, so I just turn it off," she said.

Carson finds ideas for her writing in her experiences and environment. Heritage plays an important part within the region according to Carson. "I think this region is really rich and I like it," she said. "I am proud of it, and am glad to be a part of it."



Jo Carson

Carson received a bachelor's degree in speech and communications at East Tennessee State University in 1973, and has done graduate work in geography. Her play, ***Day Trips****, garnered her the 1989 Kesselring Prize for outstanding new American playwright.*

—Rocky Vines

From the Flattery File . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Spring 1988

I've just finished reading through most of my most recent issue of *Now & Then*, "Working in Appalachia" and want you to know how much I enjoyed it. Liked the combination of materials: the interviews with Sayles and Giardina, the reviews of books and films on the region, the feature stories (hooking rugs, etc.) and all the interesting pictures of the past and the present. Also, the "angle" suits me — sympathy for those who work at the most elemental levels, advocacy for justice and fair treatment for the humble. (The mighty usually don't need much help managing their justice.)

I always enjoy the magazine. Keep up the good work.

Harry Dean
Cleveland, Tenn.

Summer 1988

Insiders/Outsiders issue was too good to describe to others. A very exciting issue. Keep up the good work. Can't wait for more George Ella and Dot Jackson.

Phyllis Moore
Clarksburg, W.Va.

Summer 1989

The magazine is wonderful — you did a *terrific* job!

Lee Smith
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Fall 1989

Now & Then is one fine magazine, for our region, and under your capable hands. All of us who love Appalachia need to thank you very much.

Lou V.P. Crabtree
Abingdon, Va.

Just wanted to let you know how much I adore those issues of *Now & Then*. To list the joys would take a page or two. Let two examples suffice for many: The distinctness of Jo Carson and the marvelous essay by Amy Tipton Gray. I know Amy's Tipton family (grew up with her Uncle Jay, and watched her father lug the leather for the old Science Hill Hilltoppers) and I *think* I know Jo Carson's family. Listen to me go on about family — how Tennessean of me! Anyhow, I believe one has a certain sharpness of vision about one's region by, peculiarly, living *outside* it. *Now & Then* certainly sends a deep resonance through me. Keep up the good work.

John Bowers
New York, N.Y.

Ed Snodderly

Nearly everything in Ed Snodderly's life revolves around music. Starting with his first guitar chords at age 12, Snodderly has built a career around his love for good music. "What moves me is all kinds of music," the 41-year-old musician said. Born in Knoxville, Tenn., he has lived a few other places, "but this area is my home."

Snodderly's love for the area's music led him to Appalachian Studies. "My interest comes naturally. Just being involved in the music has led me to the old songs and has kept me in touch with musical generations, and from this, I'm able to trace that line back through the mountains," he said.

He is involved in all parts of the genre. "I have my hand in lots of different aspects of music. Making up songs is one part of it, as well as performing."

Snodderly is a member of the Brother Boys, who record "new hillbilly music" for Sugar Hill Records. "We are kind of like new old country meets old-time/bluegrass meets rock-a-billy," he said. As part owner of The Down Home in Johnson City, the renowned club which features a wide range of music, Snodderly is instrumental in promoting all types of music in the area.

As music editor for *Now & Then*, Snodderly's job is to find a song that relates to each issue of the magazine. "The challenge is finding the right song to go with the theme of the magazine. The witers that I look for are writers who live and work in the Appalachian region."

In this day and age of making music, Snodderly said, "I think it's real important to remember who we are and where we came from, more so than ever. I think there's value in trying to preserve and protect something you feel really strongly about."

—Gregg Powers

Ed Snodderly (right) and Eugene Wolf, The Brother Boys, record for Sugar Hill.

Winter 1989

The new *Now & Then* is great — content, color, and continuity. Congratulations!

Garry Barker
Berea, Ky.

Spring 1990

Thank you for the magazine! Brava! Brava!

Rex McCarty
Pennington Gap, Va.

Fall 1990

Thank all of you for the "Activism in Appalachia" issue of *Now & Then*. I didn't plan to start my day with tears. I don't have time for that. I got the mail out of the box in the dark and came in for a quick cup of tea and to see what was there.

I haven't cried in the many months I have been working with women and infants and children in southern West Virginia. I cried this morning. Am crying. Thank you.

Jacqueline Cook
Beckley, W.Va.

Summer 1991

I'm really enjoying the latest issue of *Now & Then* — what a good blend of articles, poetry, and fiction. Keep up the important work.

Mike Chitwood
Raleigh, N.C.

Winter 1991

In the past year I have discussed investigative reporting with East German journalists and helped plan an independent newspaper in Albania. Heady stuff I would never have dreamed possible only a year ago. But even that did not prepare me for a magazine published at ETSU dedicated to Myles Horton or a notice that the B. Carroll Reece Museum is harboring social activists. That's progress.

My compliments for the concept and execution. More importantly I admire the vision and dedication represented by the material gathered in this issue. The brief biographical note suggests you come by all this honestly.

Bill Kovach
The Nieman Foundation
at Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

NANCY FISCHMAN

Jim Sledge, University Relations, ETSU

Nancy Fischman

Although she doesn't consider herself an Appalachian, Nancy Fischman has had a long-term interest in the Appalachian region. As a geographer she has always been particularly interested in investigating the places in which she has lived. "I have lived in Johnson City the longest of any place, since 1978, and I call this area home now," she said.

Before being hired by the center in September 1993, as the part-time assistant editor of *Now & Then*, she worked as general manager and development director for The Road Company, a professional not-for-profit theater company in Johnson City. The Road Company is a community-based theater which writes and produces its own plays about issues of interest and concern to the Southern mountain region. The theater also produces new plays by Southern playwrights. During the 1989/90 season the company produced *Cancell'd Destiny*, a play written with fellowship support from CASS. "It was a propitious case of two organizations meshing in support of a particular project. They both are committed to a broad view of Appalachia," Fischman said.

Fischman received a master's degree in geography from ETSU in 1983. Much of her time in graduate school was spent working with geography professor Bob Peplies on a project to inventory abandoned coal mine lands. After graduating she did a stint as long-range planner for the city of Kingsport, Tenn. "My interest in Appalachia is both academic and practical. I am interested in people's perceptions as well as solving problems from the past and planning for the future," she said.

"This region also has an interesting dynamic between its rural and urban parts that reflects the broader United States culture," Fischman said. Studies of Appalachia can provide people with an understanding of current trends in the nation as a whole and can negate stereotypes. "People are judged by stereotypes," she said. "There are a lot of stereotypes from this

From the Flattery File . . .

Spring 1991

The new issue of *Now & Then* is fabulous. You've really done a great job in looking at the ins and outs of tourism.

Kathleen L. Manscill, Museum Curator
Great Smoky Mountains National Park
Gatlinburg, Tenn.

Fall 1991

The Fall issue is a great-looking issue, a most valuable contribution, and a good read. Enjoyed Anndrena's piece on *Next of Kin* and the interesting way it dovetailed with Jean Ritchie's view. And all the picts are fantastic! I hope this issue stays in print a good long while because I'll use it as a textbook the next time I teach Hollywood Appalachia.

Jerry Wayne Williamson
Boone, N.C.

Spring 1993

I *love* the current issue on Education; Garry Barker's piece, Tom Howze's, the photos . . . all of it!

Maureen Lynch
New York, N.Y.

Winter 1993

I have been a fan of *Now & Then* for two-three years. Yours is the only periodical that is always true to the faith: unsentimental, courageous, and unslanted toward the establishment.

Danny Fulks
Huntington, W.Va.

Summer 1993

Just a note to say hello and to congratulate you on the quality of *Now & Then*. I was prompted to write by my agreement and delight in your gentle but clear suggestion that there might be something a little weird about Civil War re-enactments. I once visited in Upstate New York, where many bumper stickers said, "History Begins in Ulster County." And I always muttered, "And the trouble is, it *never* ends!"

Pat Verhulst
Mars Hill, N.C.

Spring 1994

Just wanted to write and say that I loved your interview about "The L.A. Cycle." *Now & Then* just keeps getting better and better.

John Shelton Reed
Chapel Hill, N.C.

region that the center helps dispel. Studying the region and publishing the results so that people can read them will help them understand the region."

It was the appeal of the broad scope of Appalachian Studies which drew her to *Now & Then*. "*Now & Then* can have a great impact on the region. I'm excited about being part of the magazine, " she said. "It's a great magazine. I'd like the position to become permanent so that I can be a part of some of the exciting projects that are coming up."

As well as seeing greater exposure for *Now & Then*, Fischman said she would like to see the center continue as a resource for funding fellowships in Appalachian Studies. "Getting information out to other people is a powerful educational tool," she said. "It would be good to keep providing people with the financial means to do projects and research and to begin to expand the center's own research and resource capabilities."

Fischman has a bachelor's degree in geography from Clark University and a master's in geography from ETSU. Her husband David Close is professor of physics at ETSU. They have two daughters, Alexis, 8, and Maren, 5. Fischman has been appointed managing editor of the ***Journal of the Appalachian Studies Association*** *for 1995.*

—Sonja Anderson

What the reviews say:

". . . gripping and spirit-lifting . . . The magazine excels at describing the tensions and contradictions of southern Appalachia. . . "

Utne Reader

". . . excellent essays on what it means to live in the Appalachian region. The poetry and reviews give it a distinctive, winning flavor."

Library Journal

Now & Then was selected as one of the *Library Journal's* notable documents of 1990.

Now & Then is indexed by the Modern Language Association and the ERIC/CRESS Clearinghouse.

Some of our favorite volunteers and assistants

We would like to recognize some of the volunteers, assistants, and interns who have contributed greatly at one time or another to *Now & Then*. They include **Sandra Ballard**, **Kenton Collins**, **Bryan Culp**, **Darla Dye**, **Marty Edwards**, **Robert Gipe**, **Jackie Presnell**, **Allison Puranik**, **Sherry L. Rutherford**, **Becky Satterfield**, **Cathy Whaley**, and **Blair White**.

To put this magazine together three times each year, there has been much collaboration, help, and enthusiasm from center staff members over the years. Former center director, **Richard Blaustein**, contributed reviews, ideas, and knowledge about useful sources and people. Current center director, **Jean Haskell Speer**, has jumped right in, helping with many aspects of the editorial process. **Charles Moore** has always been willing to lend a hand, looking for obscure data, helping with writing and proofreading, and keeping touchy equipment running. **Jane Woodside** has often written, edited, proofread, and provided consultations on work. Secretary **Ruth Hausman** became our first membership manager. **Penelope Lane** took up the task after Ruth left with her new baby. **Frieda Souder** is now in charge of memberships. Down the hall in the archives, **Norma Myers** and **Marie Tedesco** have provided much input. These people and other center staff through the years have provided all this help and more amidst busy schedules all around.

Our first art director, **Kim Boyd**, gave us some style and kept us laughing, and former assistant editor **Laurene Scalf** kept us in puns and gave us some more style. Kim moved on to Knoxville to work with her husband David as the recreation director of a church there and to have a baby. Laurene has moved to Louisville to pursue her career as an actor. We miss them a lot.

University staff who have helped make our lives more livable include **Larry Smith** and **Jim Sledge**, photographers who always work above and beyond the call of duty. Others at the university who have smoothed our way include **John Ostheimer**, **Steve Saddler**, **Fred Sauceman**, **Kristn Fry**, **Sally Chiles-Shelburne**, **Marcia Cooper**, **Jennifer Hill**, and **Pam Ripley**.

Those who have provided moral support and encouragement, not to mention articles, besides those already listed, include **Phillip Obermiller**, **Roberta Herrin**, **Tom Burton**, and our editorial advisors, **Bert Allen**, **Ed Cabbell**, **Pauline Cheek**, **Mary Chiltoskey**, **Robert J. Higgs**, **Marat Moore**, **Rita Quillen**, and **Fred Waage**, who have been a source of ideas and help ever since they accepted their appointments in late 1987.

Who do we love?

The People We Admire in Appalachia

As we finished each interview of past and present staff members of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, we asked a series of questions: Name someone you consider an important thinker, writer, or activist to come out of the region. Who is an important up-and-coming thinker, writer, or activist? What's a favorite book, movie, or video about the region? And, finally, the pièce de résistance, the question that got the best answers or got the reporter practically kicked out of the office: If you could have dinner with anyone important to Appalachia, living or dead (presuming the dead person could come back to life for the evening), who would it be? A selection of the answers follow.

Compiled by: Sonja Anderson, Pat Arnow, Scott Braswell, Jonathan Crain, Marty Edwards, Nancy Fischman, Pam Headen, Jan Hearne, Keith Ladd, Greg Leonard, Wendy Miller Leonard, Charles Moore, Gregg Powers, Suzanne Reese, Brian Smith, and Rocky Vines.

Important thinkers, writers, or activists in Appalachia

Thinker, writer, activist	*Says who?*
James Agee, 1905-1955, writer	Charles Moore
Lisa Alther, writer	Marie Tedesco
Harriette Arnow, 1908-1986, writer	Marie Tedesco
Allen Batteau, educator, writer	Marie Tedesco
Wendell Berry, writer, philosopher	Jo Carson, Penelope Lane
*Tyler Blethen, historian	Marie Tedesco
Tom Burton, writer, historian	Richard Blaustein, Marie Tedesco
John C. Campbell, 1867-1919, folk school founder	Marie Tedesco
Al Capp, 1909-1979, cartoonist	Charles Moore
Jo Carson, writer	Tim Stafford
Harry Caudill, 1922-1990, writer	Pat Arnow, Ned Irwin
Davy Crockett, 1786-1836, politician, storyteller	Jo Carson
*Rodger Cunningham, writer, educator	Richard Blaustein
Wilma Dykeman, writer, educator	Helen Roseberry, Frieda Souder
John Ehle, writer	Marie Tedesco
Ron Eller, educator, writer	Marie Tedesco
Stephen Fisher, educator, writer, activist	Norma Myers
Tennessee Ernie Ford, 1919-1991	Georgia Greer: "His music has left a great heritage."
Denise Giardina, writer	Norma Myers, Marie Tedesco, Jean Speer
*Lucy Gump, historian	Charles Moore
Alex Haley, 1921-1992	Kim Boyd, John Ostheimer
Jack Higgs, writer, educator	Richard Blaustein, Tom Burton, Jo Carson, Nancy Fischman, Marie Tedesco
Myles Horton, 1905-1990, activist	Jo Carson, Nancy Fischman, Charles Moore, Jane Woodside

Important thinkers, writers, or activists in Appalachia (cont'd)

Thinker, writer, activist	*Says who?*
*David Hsuing, historian	Richard Blaustein, Charles Moore, Marie Tedesco
*John Inscoe, historian, editor	Norma Myers, Marie Tedesco
Andrew Johnson, 1808-1875, U.S. president	Ed Speer
Lyndon Johnson, 1908-1973, U.S. president	Pat Arnow
Loyal Jones, educator, writer, activist	Richard Blaustein
Jack Temple Kirby, historian, writer	Penelope Lane: "He has written about the South and agriculture."
Helen Lewis, activist, writer	Richard Blaustein, Jo Carson, Charles Moore
George Ella Lyon, writer	Jo Carson, Charles Moore
Ambrose Manning, writer, educator	Richard Blaustein, Tom Burton
Jeff Daniel Marion, writer	Kim Boyd, Charles Moore
Cormac McCarthy, writer	Ned Irwin
Jim Wayne Miller, writer, educator	Richard Blaustein, Jo Carson, Jay Reese, Ed Snodderly, Jean Speer
Gurney Norman, writer	Richard Blaustein, Jo Carson
*Tami Penley, writer	Charles Moore
*Mary Beth Pudup, educator	Richard Blaustein
*Shauna Scott, educator	Richard Blaustein
Mary Lee Settle, writer	Jane Woodside
Henry Shapiro, educator	Jean Speer
Lee Smith, writer	Pat Arnow, Jo Carson
James Still, writer	Jo Carson, Charles Moore
Jesse Stuart, 1907-1984, writer	Ned Irwin
David Whisnant, writer	Penelope Lane, Norma Myers, Jean Speer, Jane Woodside
John Alexander Williams, historian, educator	Richard Blaustein
Cratis Williams, 1911-1985, writer, educator	Richard Blaustein
Nimrod Workman, folk musician, coal miner	Ed Snodderly: "He will make you think."

* *Up and coming thinkers, writers, or activists*

LETTERS, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

what are called galvanized Yankees. This means re-enactors who normally portray Confederates are asked to act as Yankees, often with something less than enthusiasm. The 100th Ohio, which is the Federal regiment being depicted at Jonesborough, had a fine combat record and fought in campaigns through Georgia and Tennessee. In the re-enactment, they have been portrayed as cowards, buffoons, and hopelessly inept. In the actual battle, the 100th Ohio fought bravely for several hours until they were forced to surrender, being surrounded and outnumbered. I have personally heard a pre-battle speech by the "Federal Commander" in which he exhorted the "Federal" troops "to make the Yankees look bad."

Your interviewees were perhaps not representative of the re-enactment community as a whole. The 8th Tennessee, Federal, which is the unit which I belong to, is made up of individuals of many varying backgrounds. The professor who worries that we make war attractive should actually talk to some of us. Our unit contains several *combat* Vietnam veterans and one veteran of the Gulf War with a double Purple Heart. They enjoy re-enacting because of a love of history and because as one of them, an ex-Marine, said, "This is not the real Army. If we don't like something, we don't have to do it. We camp out. We eat fattening

LETTERS, CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

The Media, Appalachia, and Me

Some books, movies, or other media we really like	*Says who?*
The Dollmaker, 1984 television movie based on Harriette Arnow novel	Norma Myers, Marie Tedesco
Storming Heaven, 1987 novel by Denise Giardina	Laurene Scalf, Marie Tedesco
The Invention of Appalachia, 1990 book by Allen Batteau	Marie Tedesco
Our Southern Highlanders, 1913 book by Horace Kephart	Charles Moore
Stories I Ain't Told Nobody Yet, 1989 collection of "People Pieces" by Jo Carson	Charles Moore
Electric Valley, 1983 movie by Ross Spears	Charles Moore
The Devil's Dream, 1992 novel by Lee Smith	Tim Stafford
Coal Miner's Daughter, 1980 movie about singer Loretta Lynn	Tim Stafford: "It's a good, sincere representation of Depression-era life in coal towns and also how the country music business worked in the '40s and '50s."
All the Pretty Horses, 1992 novel by Cormac McCarthy	Jo Carson, Laurene Scalf: "I feel like a pack mule in the presence of Pegasus."
Walk in the Spring Rain, 1970 movie based on Rachel Maddux novel	Helen Roseberry
Where the Lilies Bloom, 1974 movie	Ned Irwin: "Excellent child actors, and, of course, Harry Dean Stanton."
Strangers and Kin, 1984 Appalshop movie	Richard Blaustein
Long Journey Home, 1987 Appalshop movie	Richard Blaustein
Oral tradition material of Appalachia, for instance, the stories of Ray Hicks, the songs of Hattie Presnell	Tom Burton
Daytrips, 1988 play by Jo Carson	Laurene Scalf
Matewan, 1987 John Sayles movie	Jane Woodside

LETTERS, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

foods. We socialize with like-minded individuals and do as little work as possible." Most of our folks are family members who bring their kids to events. The children are being taught in a fun way to appreciate their country's history, at least one sad chapter of it. The war is not glorified but an appreciation of the past is being passed onto a new generation.

Jim Maddox
Johnson City, Tenn.

Dear Pat,

The arrival of *Now & Then* is like dessert — the best part, the part that you wait for, and relish. Well my "dessert" came with the fall 1993 issue of *Now & Then*. I was proceeding happily forward, devouring every section of the publication, when I came to the poetry, "In My Babysitter's House," by Jim Minick.

How did this ugly, despicable piece of writing get into your magazine? A slip of the brain? It has affected the way I view your magazine now. I am offended. Disgusted. And from henceforth, I will be suspicious of each issue, not knowing what I will find there.

You have a lot of very special things in the magazine, much that is wonderful like "Crackle-Glass Marbles." Sift your material carefully.

That piece of poetry left my mind feeling as if it needed a scrubbing down with the yellow laundry soap my grandma Mullins used to make.

Nina Orr
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pat Arnow replies: I am sorry that you were distressed by the poem. It was a distressing poem for us to read. However, to me, the understated tone and the tense but matter-of-fact telling of the story made it a piece of powerful writing.

We have in the past covered difficult topics including domestic violence, incest, and murder. We try to present a balanced picture if it is an article and something of artistic merit if it is a poem or story. We thought that Jim Minick's poem did have that merit. Obviously, you disagreed.

I can assure you that we are extremely careful in our choices, though I can't promise that we will stay away from ugly subject matter. I hope you will stick with us as we keep on exploring life in Appalachia.

My dinner with Davy Crockett

If you could have dinner with anyone important to Appalachia living or dead (if the dead person could be brought back to life for the evening, of course), who would it be?	
My dinner with . . .	***Says who?***
A.P. Carter, musician, 1891-1960.	Ed Snodderly
Olive Dame Campbell, founder of John C. Campbell folk school, 1882-1948.	Jean Speer
Davy Crockett, politician, frontiersman, storyteller, 1786-1836.	Jo Carson: "I'd ask him why he fought the American Indians locally and then as a congressman stood against President Andrew Jackson's forced relocation of the Cherokee to Oklahoma (The Trail of Tears)." Nancy Fischman (who wants to have dinner with Davy Crockett and Jo Carson together), Charles Moore, Jean Speer: "He was a fascinating man who could come from being a backwoods hunter to political life. When this myth began to grow up about him, he took that ball and ran with it. Davy Crockett helped create his own myth."
Elizabeth Crockett, Davy's second wife, a young widow with two children when they married in 1816.	Laurene Scalf (who played Elizabeth in Jo Carson's play, "The Bear Facts."), Jean Speer: "She was left at home in a still fairly unsettled environment for long stretches. A lot of women who lived on the frontier had to be skillful and wise because they had so many things to take care of and often on their own. So many of them were enormously strong women."
Allen Eaton, 1878-1962, member of Russell Sage Foundation who wrote "Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands."	Jean Speer
Frances Goodrich, 1856-1944, missionary who was source of the beginnings of the Southern Highlands Handicraft guild, or Lucy Morgan, 1889-1981, founder of Penland craft school.	Blair White: "That group that met in the late '20s and talked about the need for organization and a concerted effort to work for crafts in the region."
Myles Horton, 1908-1990, activist, founder and director of Highlander Center.	Penelope Lane: "When I was little, I lived down the street from the center. I was really impressed by it because the organization was based on empowering people to take control of their lives."
Horace Kephart, writer, explorer, 1862-1931.	Charles Moore. Marie Tedesco: "Just to see if he can still drink himself under the table."
Emma Bell Miles, writer, artist, 1879-1919.	Norma Myers
Senator George Norris, 1861-1944.	Charles Moore
Dolly Parton, singer, songwriter, businesswoman.	Pat Arnow: "I think she's a genius." Jack Tottle: "She has taken the warmth and family aspect of Appalachian culture and combined it with flirtatiousness and glamour. I like the simple, unpretentious enthusiasm she has."
Sequoyah,1770?-1843, Cherokee who invented the Cherokee syllabary to give the language a written form.	Jane Woodside: "I've always had a fondness for linguistics. I'd like to sit down and find out how he took a spoken language and found symbols for it."
Gaines Snodderly, musician, Ed Snodderly's grandfather.	Ed Snodderly
Cas Walker, Knoxville, Tenn., businessman and politician.	Ned Irwin: "He is a character."
Doc Watson, musician.	Jack Tottle: "He embodies characteristics that I feel are some of the strengths of the region."

Selected publications, films, videos, and recordings by CASS faculty and staff

The faculty and staff of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services have produced a large body of work, ranging from articles in books and magazines, to videos, bluegrass albums, and plays, from scholarly to creative. Some topics are of interest only to others doing research in similar fields. Some of the work has been coaxed out of the literary and musical muses, and appeals to a wide audience. Some of it has reached international audiences through recordings, international publications, and performances.

Most of the projects and papers of center faculty and staff were accomplished independently within the context of the individual's personal or academic arena. The center also has lent support to individual projects in a variety of ways, as producer, publisher, or through fellowships.

All of the work lends credence to the mission of the center to investigate this area called Appalachia, and to disperse the results of those investigations. Whether it's a Jack Tottle song recorded by a bluegrass band, Tom Burton and Jack Schrader's video on serpent handling shown on public television, or Jean Speer's article on the politics of storytelling and regional identity published in a French book, each individual effort makes its own mark in erasing stereotypes and promoting understanding.

The books, recordings, videos, and films listed here are selected out of a much larger list of accomplishments. They are presented to give some idea of the scope of activities in which the center faculty and staff are involved.

Pat Arnow

"Crime in Appalachia" (co-authored with Norma Myers), in R.J. Higgs and A. Manning (eds.), *Appalachia Inside Out*, University of Tennessee Press, forthcoming.

"To Forgive, Not to Forget," in G. Norman, J.W. Miller, G.E. Lyon (eds.), *A Gathering at the Forks, Fifteen Years of the Hindman Settlement School Appalachian Writers Workshop*, 1993.

Cancell'd Destiny, a play (co-authored with Christine Murdock and Steven Giles), produced by The Road Company, 1990.

"Not Enough," in R. Giles (ed.) *In Place: an Anthology of Appalachian Writers,* CASS/ETSU, 1988.

Richard Blaustein

Liner notes for *"Pap" Brewer*, June Appal Records, 1994. Album.

"Rethinking folk revivalism: grassroots preservationists and folk romantics," in N. Rosenberg (ed), *Transforming Tradition: Folk Music Revivals Examined*, University Illinois Press, 1993.

Introduction to E. Price, *"Witches, Haints, and Boogers: Tales from East Tennessee*, Blair Publishers, 1992.

"Traditional medicine today: moving beyond stereotypes," in K. Baldwin, et.al. (ed.), *Herbal and Magical Medicine: Traditional Healing Today*, Duke University Press, 1992.

Down Around Bowmantown: A Portrait of a Musical Community in Northeast Tennessee, producer, ETSU, 1989. Album, booklet, and audio tape.

East Tennessee, ETSU, 1988. Album.

Foreward, in K. Murray, *A Portrait of Appalachia*, Appalachian Consortium Press, 1985.

Liner notes for *Uncle Charlie Osborne: Relics and Treasures*, June Appal Records, 1985. Album.

"Using video in the field and video in the classroom and community outreach projects," in R. Dorson (ed.), *Handbook of American Folklore*, McGraw-Hill, 1982.

Tom Burton

Serpent-Handling Believers, University of Tennessee Press, 1992.

A Stand-up Con (video with Tom Headley), ETSU, 1985.

Traditional Springs: Violence in the South (video with Tom Headley), ETSU, 1985.

Carson Springs a Decade Later (video with Tom Headley), ETSU, 1983.

Some Ballad Folks, ETSU Press, 1978.

Following the Signs: A Way of Conflict (video with Tom Headley).

They Shall Take Up Serpents (video with Jack Schrader). 1972

A Film About Ray Hicks (with Jack Schrader), ETSU, 1974.

"Buna and Bertha" (film with Jack Schrader), *Elderly Folksingers*, ETSU, 1973.

Gandy Dancer RR Work Songs (film with Jack Schrader), National Public Television, 1973.

Jo Carson

The Great Shaking, Orchard Books, 1994.

The Bear Facts, workshop production at The Road Company, Johnson City, 1993.

The Last of the Waltz Across Texas, Gnomon Press, 1993.

You Hold Me and I'll Hold You, Orchard Books, 1991.

Preacher With a Horse to Ride, produced by The Road Company, 1990.

Pulling My Leg, Orchard Books, 1990.

Day Trips, Theater Communications Group's Plays in Progress, 1989.

Stories I Ain't Told Nobody Yet, Orchard Books, 1989.

Little Chicago, with The Road Company, 1981.

Horsepower: an Electric Fable, with The Road Company, 1979.

Nancy Fischman

"Detection of abandoned mine lands: a case study of the Tug Fork basin" (with Robert W. Peplies and C. Tanner), in C.J. Johannsen and J.L. Sanders (eds.), *Remote Sensing for Resource Management*, Soil Conservation Society of America, 1982.

Norma Myers

Journal of the Appalachian Studies Association, Volume 6 (ed.), ETSU, 1994.

James (Jay) Reese

"The poet in each of us," in T. Lee (ed.), *New Fields Plowed and New Seed*, Triple-T Publishing, 1992.

Introduction in M. Osborne (ed.), *Life on the Watauga*, Overmountain Press, 1988.

Foreward in M. Young (ed.), *Latchpins of Lost Cove*, Latchpins Press, 1987.

"The myth of the Southern Appalachian dialect as a mirror of the mountaineer," in R.J. Higgs and A. Manning (eds.) *Voices from the Hills*, Ungar, 1975.

Helen Roseberry

Proceedings of the 10th Appalachian Studies Conference (ed.), Appalachian Consortium Press, 1988.

Ed Snodderly

The Brother Boys (with the Brother Boys), New Hillbilly Records, 1990. Album.

Plow (with the Brother Boys), Sugar Hill Records, 1992. Album.

Sweet Light, Cloudlands Records, 1980. Album.

Sidewalk Shoes, Philo/Fretless Records, 1977. Album.

Scott Schwartz

"Music of the serpent-handling service," in T. Burton (ed.), *Serpent-Handling Believers*, University of Tennessee Press, 1992.

Jean Haskell Speer

"The Peaks of Otter and the Johnson Farm on the Blue Ridge Parkway," in R. Mitchell (ed.), *Appalachian Cultural Resources Workshop Papers*, National Park Service Southeast Regional Office, 1993.

Performance, Culture, and Identity (co-edited with Elizabeth C. Fine), Praeger, 1992.

"Communication, culture, and the invention of tradition," in E. Slembek (ed.), *Culture and Communication*, Verlag für Interkullerelle Kommunication, 1991.

"The politics of culture in storytelling and regional identity," in G. Calame-Griaule (ed.), *Le Renouveau du Conte*, Editions du Centre de la Recherche Scientifique, 1991.

"*Montani Semper Liberi*: Mary Lee Settle and the myths of Appalachia," in T.B. Inge (ed.), *Southern Women Writers: The New Generation*, University Alabama Press, 1990.

"Rhetorical strategy as a miner's tool," in H. Geissner (ed.), *Ermunterung zur Freiheit: Rhetorik Erwachsenenbildung*, Scriptor, 1990.

The Appalachian Photographs of Earl Palmer, University Press of Kentucky, 1990.

"Hillbilly sold here: Appalachian folk culture and parkway tourism," in B. Buxton (ed.), *Parkways: Past, Present and Future*, Appalachian Consortium Press, 1989.

"Unshared visions: folklife and politics in a rural community," in B. Feintuch (ed.), *The Conservation of Culture: Folklorists and the Public Sector*, University Press of Kentucky, 1988.

"Commodifying culture: selling the stories of Appalachian America," in H. Geissner (ed.), *On Narratives*, Scriptor, 1987.

"Cultural performances in a mountain community," in J. Palmer (ed.), *Communication as Performance*, Arizona State University, 1986.

"Speech, history, and the politics of spoken memory," in E. Slembek (ed.), *Sprechen und Handeln*, Scriptor, 1986.

Tim Stafford

Arkansas Traveler (with Michelle Schocked), Mercury, 1992. Album.

Every Time You Say Goodbye (with Alison Krauss), Rounder Records, 1992. Album. Winner of Grammy Award.

Liner notes for D. McCoury, *Blue Side of Town*, Rounder Records, 1992. Album

Evergreen (with Butch Baldassari), Cactus, 1990. Album.

Old Town (with Butch Baldassari), Rebel, 1990. Album.

Down Around Bowmantown: A Portrait of a Musical Community in Northeast Tennessee, producer, ETSU, 1989. Album, booklet, and audio tape.

Dusty Miller, June Appal Recordings, 1989. Album.

East Tennessee, ETSU, 1988. Album.

Jack Tottle

"Bluegrass Heartland," radio show produced for WETS-FM. 1982-present.

Guitar from the Beginning, Morrell Books, 1991.

How to Play Mandolin, Acorn Press, 1977.

Bluegrass Mandolin, Oak Publications, 1975.

Liner notes for recordings of numerous performers, including Bill Clifton, Jason and Anthony Crawford, J.D. Crowe, Dusty Miller, Jim Eanes, Flatt & Scruggs, Kentucky Colonels, Leisure Tyme, Lonesome River Boys, Tony Rice, James Alan Shelton, Ricky Skaggs, the Stanley Brothers, and the White Brothers.

Tottle has performed on 19 different recordings, has produced 15 albums, and has had 25 original compositions recorded by various artists.

Jane Harris Woodside

Communities in Motion: Dance, Community, and Tradition (co-edited with Susan Eike Spalding), Greenwood Publishing Group, forthcoming.

Music

Tim Stafford wrote this song last year. He said he was at his in-laws' house in Greene County, Tenn. He picked up the *Greeneville Sun* newspaper, and in it was the yearly supplement on farming. "All the articles were on despair. How farmers were plowing all their profits back into new equipment and how that equipment was becoming more expensive all the time. It seemed it was the same situation I had been teaching my students — the plights of farmers in the 1890s and why they had become so radical. It's the same thing now. It seems the younger generation is deserting; they are leaving and not taking over the farms. I don't know what's going to happen."

This is a lament and sung in a style similar to the Stanley Brothers. "It's bluesy, like 'Man Of Constant Sorrow,' except faster."

"Farmer's Blues" is unrecorded at this time. In the coming year it will be a part of the repertoire in Tim Stafford's new band.

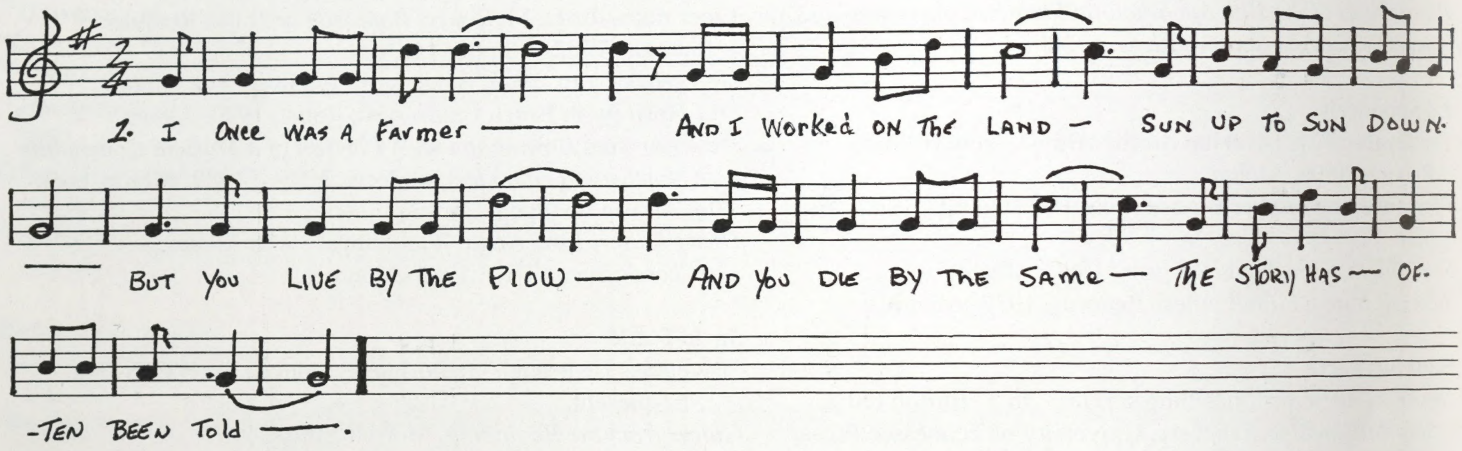
— Ed Snodderly

Tennessee State Library and Archives

Farm kids' bath day blues

Tim Stafford

FARMER'S BLUES


1. I ONCE WAS A FARMER — AND I WORKED ON THE LAND — SUN UP TO SUN DOWN.
— BUT YOU LIVE BY THE PLOW — AND YOU DIE BY THE SAME — THE STORY HAS — OF-
-TEN BEEN TOLD —.

1) I once was a farmer
and I worked on the land
sunup to sundown

But you live by the plow
and you die by the same
The story it's often been told

2) Well the workin' was hard
but the living was good
and your time was your own

But how can a man
make his life on the land
When the bankers and the railroads own it all?

3) Soon the good life was gone
Summer's drought and winter's toll
till we were forced to leave

I rode the rails
for nigh on a year
Then settled in a dreary factory town

4) It's 10 cents an hour
and it's 10 hours a day
and you'll never be free

From the slums and the fears
and the life we're livin' here
with my children so far from their home

(repeat first)

© 1993 Tim Stafford

The Slatterys Who Lived Down the Street

Sally, the oldest girl ran to the bus stop
telling how she had chased a rat a foot long
off her pillow by throwing her shoe at it.
She didn't miss the rat,
but that's why she almost missed the bus.

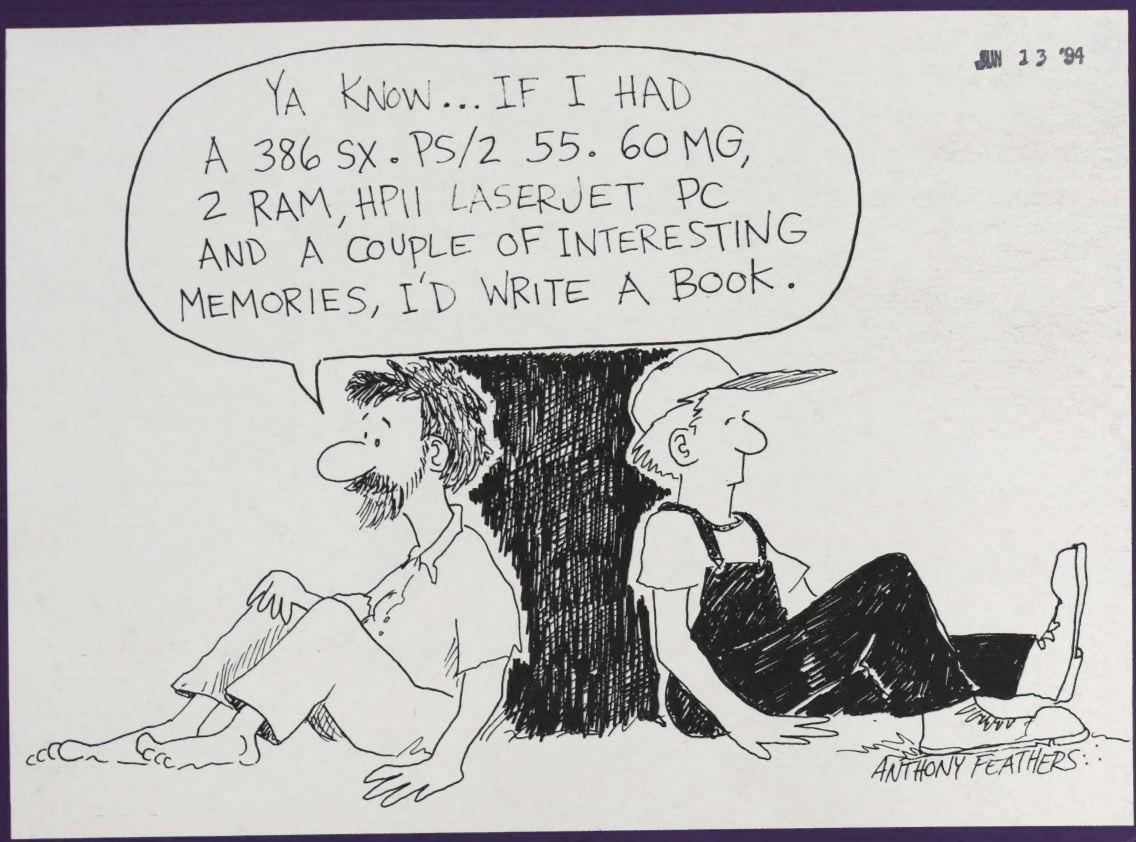
When we saw them at the grocery store
with a cart full of frozen pizza
and chocolate pudding
and two kinds of potato chips,
Momma said we were paying for "all that junk"
because they were on food stamps
I got mad
because she never bought us anything good like that.

The littlest of the thirteen was four
when the doctor found a fat, nourished grub worm
growing inside a bump in the middle of his forehead.
I squeezed my forehead regularly after that,
but never got so lucky.

We gave our old toys to them,
even though I cried for a week after my Lambie-Pie.
And when I told Mamma that May Lynn's daddy said
Old Man Slattery paid cash for his new pick-up truck,
she told me to shut-up and start acting like a Christian.

—Melanie Graham

Melanie Graham won third prize for poetry in the Appalachian Writing Contest.


JUN 13 '94
YA KNOW... IF I HAD A 386 SX. PS/2 55. 60 MG, 2 RAM, HPII LASERJET PC AND A COUPLE OF INTERESTING MEMORIES, I'D WRITE A BOOK.
ANTHONY FEATHERS

Next Year's Appalachian Writing Contest entrants?

NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

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COMING UP:

Fall 1994
Celebrations and Rituals

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